

# APRIL 1 1922 MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



J. K. Munro — Ben Ames Williams — Stanley J. Weyman  
W. A. Fraser — G. A. Terrill — J. A. Stevenson

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# Keep That Wedding Day Complexion



The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity. For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.

## Cosmetic cleansing the secret

To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

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## Don't keep it only for your face

Complexion beauty should extend to the throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or the lack of it. Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they will become soft, white and smooth. Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

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This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

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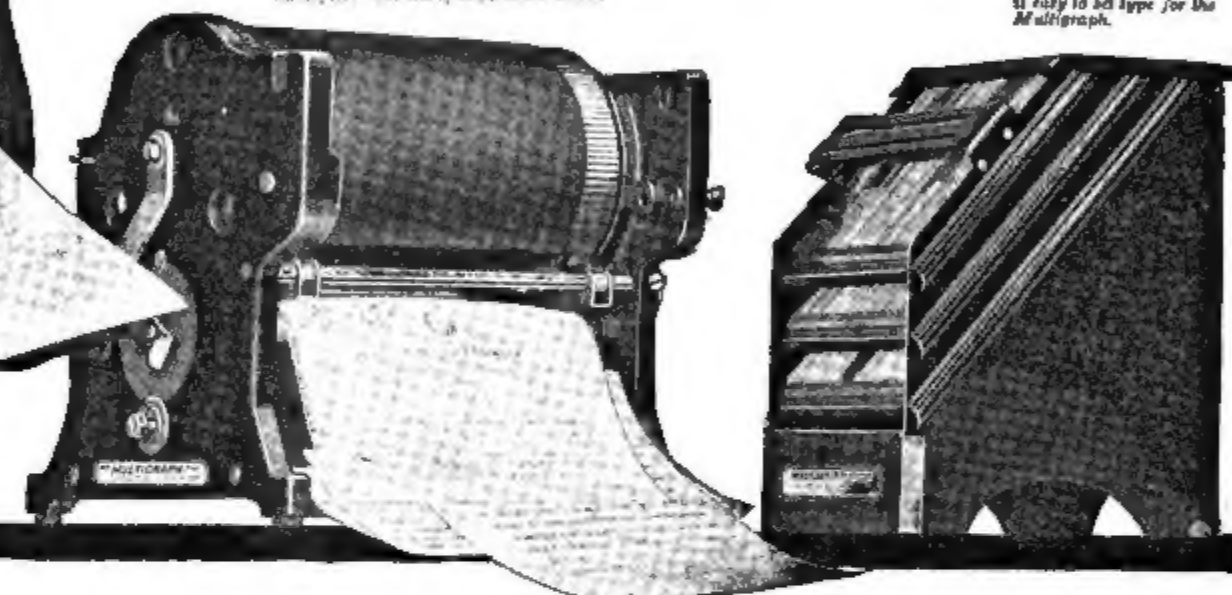
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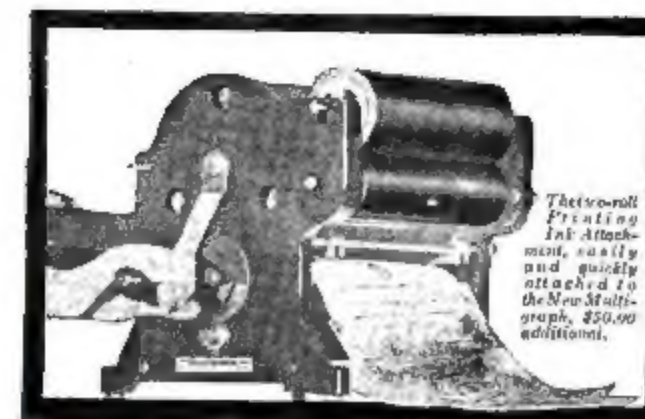
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## Multigraph Uses

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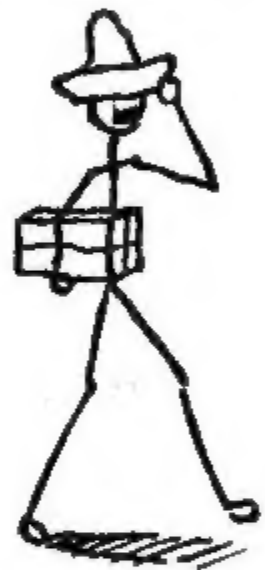
Town \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_ Cdn. #1





## In the Editor's Confidence

I KNEW Mr. Coleman would have a "come-back" when he saw the March 15 issue. "This is my only justification for the high heels worn by Nancy in Madge MacBeth's 'Opal Princess'," he explains. "Back farther in the story Mrs. MacBeth tells how men travelled miles across the desert to see the beautiful Nancy where she 'carried herself like a queen' etc. Well, one of those men brought the shoes!" To prove (?) his point Mr. Coleman forwards the sketch shown herewith. Note the ardent visitor as he hikes



across the desert, shoe-box under his arm, and wiping the perspiration from his brow!

### Jolting "J. K."

WHO is the most widely-read political writer in Canada? Without very much argument—J. K. Munro. I don't mind saying—since all this is "in confidence"—that many readers don't agree with Mr. Munro—and a few don't like him. Last night I was talking to a Toronto subscriber who said: "Well, I've just mailed north my March 1 copy of MacLean's. I always send each issue on to an old, retired lumber boss, who reads very little, but never misses Munro's stuff. He is a life-long Liberal, though he parted with his leader over conscription, and he says Munro has, for him, the most entertaining pen in Canada."

### A Professorial View

SO MUCH for one reader—and there are scores from whom we hear, personally or by letter, on this topic. A few nights ago a professor in philosophy said that MacLean's is 'practically the only popular periodical he sees regularly.' "I get it, I must admit, mainly

## MACLEAN'S

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to read J. K. Munro's pungent, satirical articles," he remarked. "I can't see anything in your stories." (This reminds me that a few months ago S. J. McLean, deputy railway commissioner, said: "I don't always read your articles, but I think your stories are splendid. They're just what a business man needs, by way of relaxation, after a strenuous day.")

### Likes—and Disagrees

BUT to return to J. K. Here are two letters from doctors, expressing almost opposite views on this topic. Dr. W. E. Olmsted, Niagara Falls, Ont., writes: "I like MacLean's, particularly articles by J. K. Munro, with whom I disagree heartily." Dr. F. Aylmer, Ont., deprecates the "abuse and cruel personalities" which greet some Canadian statesmen, and adds: "To this end let MacLean's cut out its J. K. Munro bunk." So there you are!

J. K. has spent more than a decade observing federal politics from his pinnacle in the press gallery at Ottawa, and he sizes up our politicians as he sees them with their halos off. He may not be right—but he's honest, entertaining and informative.

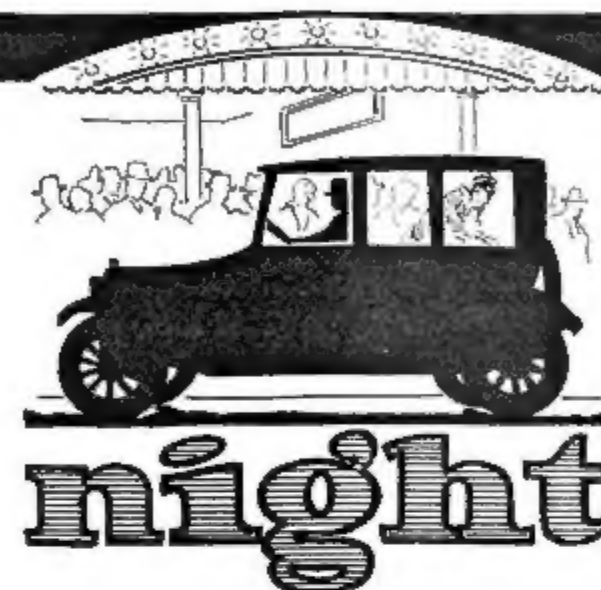
### Talking About Titles

DON'T miss "Delilah Scores", the W. A. Fraser racing story which is complete in this issue, starting on page 9. There'll be another of the series in May 1. By the way, do you like the titles put on our articles and stories? Sometimes the author's title is used, but usually the caption is the result of a brain wave on the part of one of the editors. I notice that Editor MacLean, of the *Popular*, is daring his readers to send in better titles. If any reader can think up snappier ones, go ahead! For the best alternative list of titles for the articles and stories in this issue (not including the Reviews) a year's subscription will be awarded.

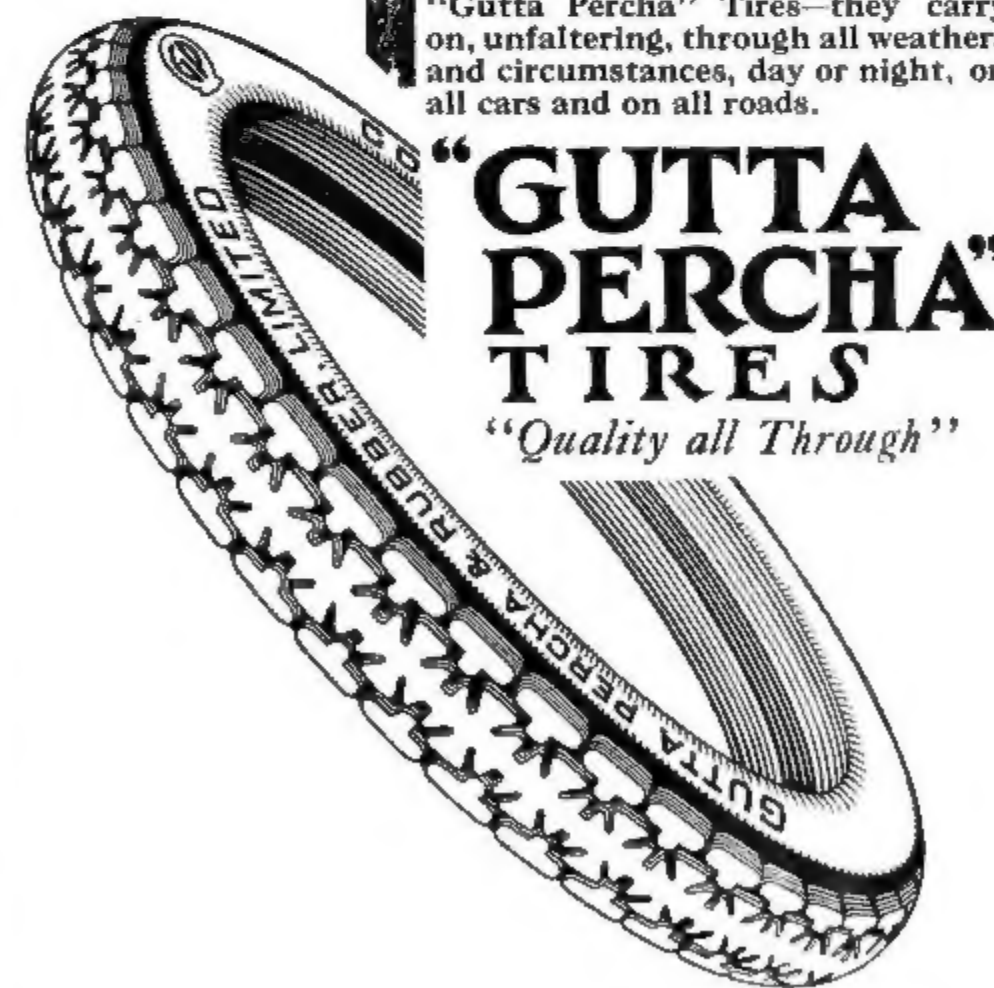
### From Egwango Opobo

WE WELCOME today into the MacLean's family J. H. A. Ekang. Why? Because he forwards his subscription all the way from Egwango Opobo, Nigeria, Africa, where he says he is "the famous photographer" for the Wesleyan Mission School.

Mac



Night—the hour for relaxation and gladness. All dressed up for the Theatre, the Bridge Party or the Dance. The Sedan newly polished and running smooth as sailing—the last word in comfort. What a time for a blowout! Wouldn't it take all the joy out of life? In fair weather or foul, changing tires in darkness is not a fit job for a man in his best toggery; and yet, that's what will happen if you do not disarm Accident by Precaution. Equip your car with "Gutta Percha" Tires—they carry on, unflinching, through all weathers and circumstances, day or night, on all cars and on all roads.



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THE failure of a number of firms doing a stock brokerage business in Canada has caused a certain amount of unrest among clients of other firms as well. This is only natural in the same way that the failure of a bank weakens for the time being the confidence of some of the customers of other banks. The stock brokerage failures in several instances have been attended with reports of improper proceedings on the part of some of those concerned, and the result has been a demand from many directions for a tightening up of the authority the local stock exchange may exercise over its members, or for more stringent regulations covering the licensing of concerns that do business without becoming members of a recognized stock exchange.

In one or two cases at least charges of "bucketing" are freely heard. That is, firms have failed to execute buying orders for clients but have accepted the margins they deposited and taken the chance of the stock showing a decline instead of a rise in the hope that they might make the purchase later at a lower price and clean up a personal profit on the transaction. This worked well while the general market was in the midst of a reaction such as was the case for about twelve months prior to the recent rise. When, however, the majority of stocks they were supposed to purchase, and did not, were registering advances of five or ten or twenty points, and the client wanted to sell out and claim a profit, they were caught without the stock to sell, and without the money to make up the loss that would be entailed if they paid the client the profit to which he was justly entitled had the original purchase been made for him at the time.

Bucket shops do not thrive on a rising market. There was one case in Montreal that a disappointed client described as a modern "Jesse James" hold-up where clients' money was shipped off to New York without the stocks being purchased at all. But, fortunately, in this case several arrests have been made and jail sentences may clear the atmosphere for some years to come. In the absence of either legislation or active surveillance that might effectively prevent these imported concerns operating with little stake in the community the investor should assure himself of the character of the firms with whom he places his money. When in doubt do not take any risk.

**Supervision Required**

SO FAR as members of a recognized stock exchange are concerned it seems regrettable that some form of supervision of stock brokerage operations is not in effect. Whatever the difficulties, it would tend to strengthen the confidence of investors in the members of the Canadian Exchanges if membership carried with it some type of guarantee as to all the operations being legitimate; and also some guarantee against weaknesses being continued unchecked up to a point where a heavy failure is enforced and the assets are found to have been practically wiped out. The question is receiving very serious consideration from members of the Canadian Exchanges.

It would appear that at present the governing bodies are powerless to interfere beyond seeing to it that technically the operations on the floor of the exchange follow a certain procedure. It is argued that with a comparatively small membership, compared with more than 1,000 members of the New York Exchange, no firm would be willing to have a member of another firm exercise a right to investigate detailed operations as the information obtained might be made use of consciously or unconsciously to the advantage of the investigator or the disadvantage of the

firm that had fallen under suspicion. It has been suggested that all stock exchange firms arrange for audits periodically by specially competent auditors who shall be independent but may report to a special committee of the exchange in case questionable transactions are found to be going on. In such a case power might be given the representatives of the Exchange to force a change or to have the members expelled.

On the whole, however, as with nearly all operations where credit and personal confidence must remain as the paramount considerations, legislation cannot be found that will prevent personal crookedness. And this applies to all kinds of financial and business operations. Considering the very difficult conditions that the brokerage houses have had to pass through, in some cases being forced to carry clients during slumps in the market, and having to hold stocks where the market had faded away without a buyer at any price, it must be admitted that the record so far in regard to failures has compared remarkably well with those of most other classes of business.

**Current Loans Down**

THE returns to the government of the chartered banks of Canada for the month of January reflect clearly the changes taking place in business conditions, looking back over the past twelve months. Current loans were down \$35,901,000 for the month and now stand at \$1,138,000,000. During the past year these loans have been reduced \$126,000,000 or an even 10 per cent. This steady reduction in commercial loans reflects the contraction that is going on in commercial and industrial activities along with the deflation in values. That a reduction of only ten per cent. took place in a whole year indicates, on the other hand, that the banks have been forced to carry a number of businesses where stocks could not be liquidated and where amounts owing to the bank must to a great extent be classed as "frozen credits."

The next point of significance in the aggregate statement is the condition of deposits. These show the same tendency, as for several months past, to decline, but at a comparatively slow rate, the reduction for January as compared with December being only a little in excess of \$7,500,000 or not much more than one-half of one per cent. of the total of \$1,233,000,000 as on the first of February. Taking the year as a whole the drop in savings was nearly \$80,000,000. Demand deposits declined more than \$53,000,000 during the month. Call loans were reduced \$10,000,000 and now stand well below ten per cent. of current loans. As illustrating the decline in buying abroad, letters of credit dropped more than \$3,000,000 during the month and are now less than half the total of one year ago. The shrinkage of values generally is reflected in the decline of total assets by \$121,000,000, to a present amount of \$2,473,000,000.

**Effect of Fordney Tariff**

THE failure, at least temporarily, of the Minister of Finance, Hon. W. S. Fielding, to obtain a definite approval of a reciprocal agreement that would permit the entry into the United States of certain Canadian farm products is emphasized by export figures showing a very striking decline in the export of these products across the border. A portion of this decline must be attributed to the drop in prices where values are taken into account. This loses any force, however, where quantities can be compared. Moreover, where the general run of manufactured articles has been declining steadily there has not been

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such a drop in food products, and the export of these to the United Kingdom is holding up practically to the level of one year ago. This indicates that had it not been for the Fordney Emergency Tariff Canadian exports of these lines to the United States might have been expected to hold up, in quantity, pretty well to the levels of one year ago, but they did not.

For instance, in wheat: eight months ending January, 1922, only 10,945,000 bushels were sent over as compared with 34,872,000 one year ago. Only 297,000 barrels of flour as against 781,000; only 138,000 head of cattle as against 261,000; only 23,000,000 pounds of fresh or frozen beef, mutton and pork as against 31,000,000; only 2,830,000 pounds of butter compared with more than 5,000,000.

For the time being the agricultural "bloc" remains in the ascendancy in the United States and the market for Canadian farm produce quite evidently must be sought elsewhere.

**ANSWERS TO QUERIES**

**Question**—I enclose statement of the Directors' Report of the Canadian Producing and Refining Co. and would like to know where the property is located and if this is a true statement of their condition. —P. C. K., Three Hills, Alta.

**Answer**—This company was registered April 27th, 1910, to acquire as a going concern about 500 acres of freehold oil lands situated in the district of Petrolia, Ontario. The properties were fully equipped. So far as we are aware no dividends have been paid. We would have no reason to doubt but that the accompanying financial statement is a true statement of the company's position. You will note that there are evidently negotiations to sell the company's land and plant. Seemingly the production has not been what had been hoped.

**Question**—Please quote me the market price of Nukol stock. Have they paid any dividends? —Q. O. H., Kenogami, P. Q.

**Answer**—The Nukol Fuel Company is in liquidation, and the stock therefore has no market value. It has never paid dividends.

**Question**—Would you advise selling Victory Bonds and buying Fraser Companies Limited? What is your opinion of the Anglo-American Motors Limited? —G. B., Baker Brook, N. B.

**Answer**—Fraser Companies bonds rank as a good industrial security and as a business man you would be justified in exchanging your Victory Bonds for the Fraser issue. The two bonds are not exactly comparable. One is a government security and tax exempt, the other a taxable industrial security.

Anglo-American Motors is a speculation and at the present time does not look very attractive.

**Question**—Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the safety of insuring with the Canadian Hardware and Implement Underwriters and also the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association of Seattle. —W. H. C., Innisfail, Alta.

**Answer**—Each of the insurance companies you mention carries the requisite deposits with the federal government and holds a dominion charter. They are safe to insure with.

**Question**—How far up do you think C.P.R. will go this year? Also can you give me any information regarding Argonaut Gold Ltd.? —G. M. W., Montreal.

**Answer**—We are not even guessing how far C. P. R. will go this year. That will depend on general business conditions, not only in Canada, but the whole world; on the earnings of the Company; also on the prospects of the majority of the major railways in the United States because the price of the stock cannot help but be influenced by investment attitude towards "rails" in general. If you are prepared to invest in this stock with the idea of holding it for several years, we feel that you will not only be assured of a maintenance of the present dividend, but that the price of the stock will show considerable appreciation. The Company, in addition to its railway, has a very valuable asset in its western lands.

Argonaut Gold, Ltd., has been operating for about four years and more than \$600,000 have been spent in developing the property which is near the Larder Lake District in Ontario, a few miles off the

T. & N. O. Railway. Shafts have been sunk along the 200-ft. and 350-ft. levels and a diamond drill has operated as low as \$19-ft. The quality of the ore secured has encouraged the management to arrange for the construction of a mill with a capacity of about 150 tons a day and an issue of about 300,000 shares of treasury stock is being offered at 40 cents a share to pay the cost of the new mill, about \$165,000, and for further development. This will make \$3,000,000 of stock outstanding. There is some copper in the ore which will require a modification in the usual cyanide process of extraction of the gold. On the other hand the company's engineers claim that while this will be a little more costly it will be far more than covered by the return on the copper itself. The purchase of stock like this is, of course, a very speculative matter with absolutely no guarantee that you will ever receive a return for your money, but this is the case with nearly every mining proposition. The element of chance prevails. We feel, however, that the management of the mine is efficient, that the money received from the stock will be spent in legitimate development. The rest we must leave to you.

**Question**—Please give me your opinion of the Gary Motor Truck Company of Toronto. Would you advise me taking stock in this company? —Subscriber, Lindsay, Ont.

**Answer**—Gary Motor Stock can hardly be classed as a conservative investment. One chief objection to this offering is the fact that the stock is being sold at too high a price. The buyer is paying cash for the common stock which represents nothing in the way of tangible assets, but merely good will, organization expenses, etc. There are more attractive propositions on the market.

**Question**—I would like your opinion regarding Greater Canada Security Corporation, and the Reliance Developing and Investment Company. —S.C.B., Midway, Ont.

**Answer**—There is a big element of speculation attached to the stock of each of the companies you mention, and we would advise you, unless you can afford to take a chance, and run the risk of loss, to seek some more conservative offering.

**Question**—What is the present standing of the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Co.—A.G. D., Gravenhurst, Ont.

**Answer**—Operations of the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company are under the control of a receiver and therefore economy and efficiency would seem to be assured. Current reports indicate a betterment in the pulp and paper industry with a steadily recurring demand for such products. Granted a return of favorable business Mattagami may eventually work out its problems satisfactorily. There does not appear to be anything that you can do but wait.

**Question**—What do you think of Royal Oak Tire Company as an investment? —Subscriber, Eversley, Ont.

**Answer**—We see little attraction in the stock of the Royal Oak Tire Company as an investment and would not advise its purchase.

**Question**—I should be glad to know your opinion on buying securities on the installment plan. —A. M. C., Quebec, Que.

**Answer**—The purchase of securities on the installment plan has its advantages in a rising market as at the present, but the investor should have a reserve in order that if the market slumps he can keep up his margin. In a rising market the investor can command a wider list of securities than if he bought outright, and at the same time reap the advantage of the price increment. As a means of purchasing bonds, however, it does not offer the same advantages as the broker's interest would more than offset the interest on the investment, and there is little chance of wide price fluctuation.

Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to Canadian industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.

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## Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong

MANY a girl is unaware that her skin is disfigured by blackheads—for she does not see her skin as other people see it.

The ordinary shaded light of indoors never shows you your skin as it really is.

Can your complexion stand the test of outdoor light? Take a hand glass to the window, raise the shade as high as it will go—and what do you find? Is your skin faultlessly clear? or do ugly little blackheads, whose presence you never suspected, become visible?

Blackheads are an indication that you are not using the right method of cleansing for your type of skin. Use the following simple treatment and see how quickly you can overcome this defect:

EVERY NIGHT before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way, to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's

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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream  
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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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# MACLEAN'S

J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Editor J. L. RUTLEDGE, Associate Editor

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## DELILAH SCORES *By W. A. FRASER* ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

AS STEWART OWEN and Delilah whirled up the broad drive to Caven's bungalow in Jack Andrews' capable little car, Caven met them on the verandah. The Man from the Desert's gray eyes, from under shaggy brows, busied themselves in an appraisal of Caven. Andrews knew his man at once—he had seen hundreds of him on the race tracks. Behind that genial, strong face, with its healthy florid skin, and the philanthropic blue-gray eyes, was tenacity, not over much scrupulousness, and a bulldog courage that would take any chance.

And Caven, as if this essay were all wrong, was whole-souled geniality.

"Welcome to The Abbey, Mrs. Owen; glad to see you," he was saying.

"Funny name for a livin' joint, Tom," and Owen grinned.

Caven indicated the black-lettered name over the stone doorway, "The Abbey of Theleme."

"Highbrow stuff, Stewart—one of Gerry's tricks," and Caven laughed.

Delilah's black eyebrows drew into a tiny query mark. Highbrow stuff, and Gerry! For Owen had said that Gerry was a stable boy when the name had cropped up in a phone message.

"It means," Tom was explaining, "Do as you please," so just make yourselves at home."

When they were seated in the big drawing-room, Caven said: "After that hot drive, what about us, Stewart?"

"I'll go you once," and Owen smiled in anticipation; Andrews drew a heavy hand across the gray jungle that hid his capacious mouth in pleased surprise.

Caven stepped to a door that, as it opened to the side verandah, threw in a shaft of warm sunlight, and called "Gerry! Mrs. and Mr. Owen are here, and we want a little refreshment."

A low musical ripple of laughter floated in through the door, and a hot flush swept over the dark face of Delilah. Gerry the stable boy dabbling in the classics, and with a cultured soprano voice!

The hot blood had rushed to Owen's face also, for, over the phone, he had understood that Gerry would not be at home. He had tried to persuade his wife not to come out with them on this horse business, but Delilah was in the habit of having her own way—especially when Stewart's manner indicated that he had some hidden reason for his solicitude over her.

And Andrews, too, had wanted her with them as the horse business concerned her. Then a vision appeared in the sunlight of the door. Delilah almost gasped, and Stewart felt his heart sink into his boots.

Gerry was undeniably a girl, a beautiful girl. A mass of hair, wind blown in the orchard, that must have been spun rubies caught and held shreds of gold from the sunlight, and sparkled where drops of red wine had fallen upon it in some ambrosial shower. The small oval face, shadowed, was like the face of a sylph framed in a golden halo and to the lithe slender figure clung a gown of shimmering burnt-

gold; beneath the slender straight ankles dainty feet rested firmly in bronze slippers.

OWEN groaned inwardly thinking of the aftermath with jealous wife; for he had expatiated largely upon his philanthropic endeavor to help out "poor Tom."

Gerry lingered in Delilah's firm hand, and the large soft brown eyes dwelt coaxingly on her face. "This is lovely, Mrs. Owen. I'm so glad you came; I didn't know you were coming."

Delilah's mental comment was, "I fancy not."

"It was an accident kept me at home to meet you," Gerry purred on. "I was to have gone for a picnic with my friends the Conways, who live down the drive, but the stupid chauffeur ran their car into a motor truck to-day and they phoned that the picnic was off. I'm so glad now."

"Damn that chauffeur!" Owen growled. To Delilah this was illuminating; for while Stewart had presented at first many plausible reasons why she should not go out to The Abbey, he had given in quite cheerfully later on; he had, no doubt, phoned out and found that Gerry had expected to be away, that was all. In fact Static had made a fine mess of it.

"Now, Gerry," Caven commanded, "these gentlemen would like a small sensation. How about a cocktail, Stewart?"

"A full-grown one," Owen grinned.

"You, Mrs. Owen?" Gerry pleaded, her voice like a caress.

"May I have milk? On a farm it will be the real thing."

"Certainly, dear. And you, Mr. Andrews?"

"Cocktails is kinder finky for me," the patriarch said solemnly; "they're kinder too kittenish; a thimbleful of straight liquor—"

"That's the name of the place, Mr. Andrews, 'Do as you please,'" Caven commented.

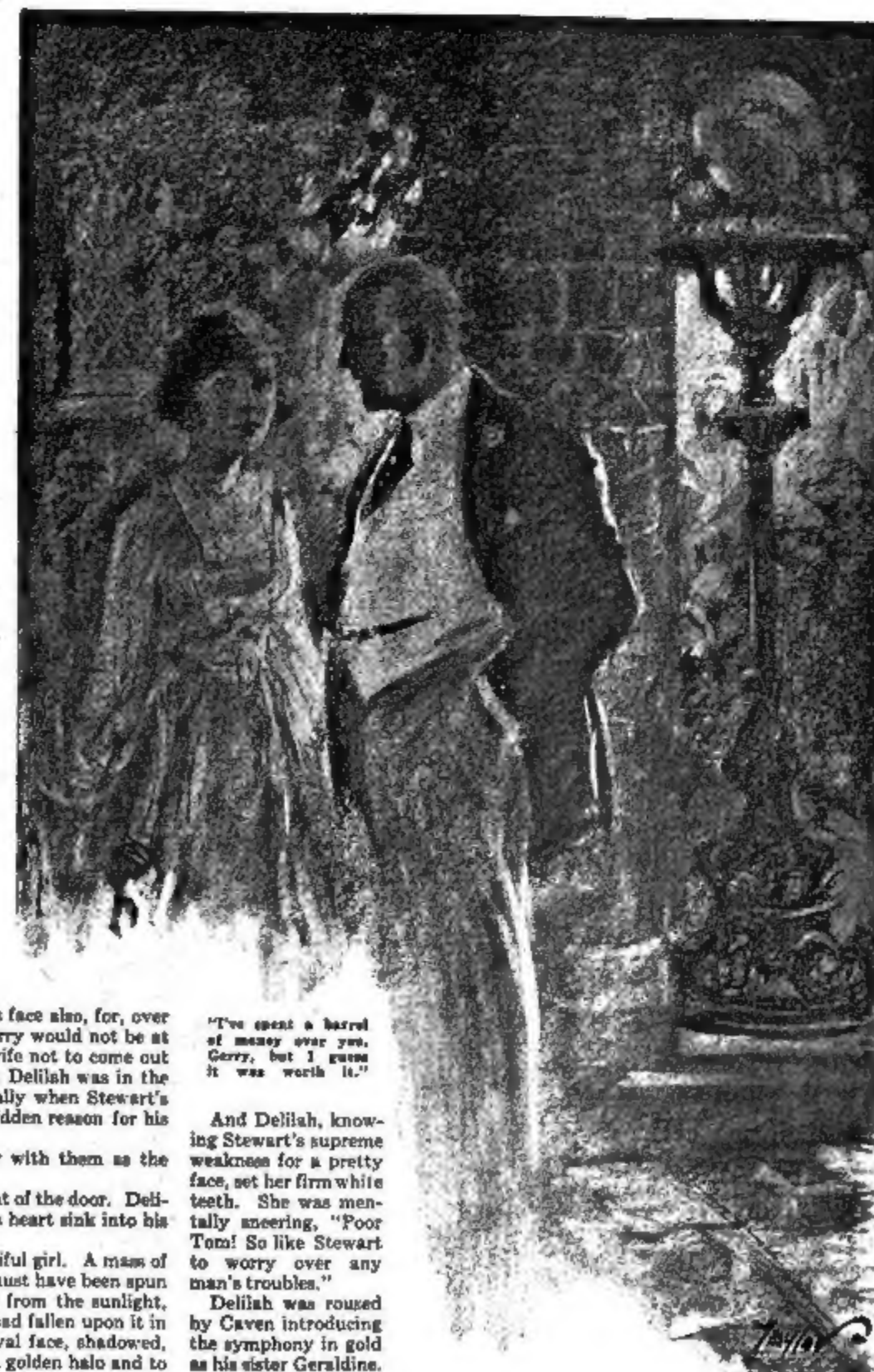
As Gerry flitted out to the dining-room and back again with a tray of glasses, Delilah likened her to an orchid; yes, an orchid—orchids were parasites. She was a clinger—a gold-digger whose spade was a smile.

She pictured the past two or three weeks. Stewart had been running out to see Tom Caven over a mine deal that was to bring them a fortune; and the strong plea always was that he was anxious to put "poor Tom" on his feet, for Tom was up against it. And the magic of the help was to be that Caven had a race horse that, if Andrews would train him, could win enough money in one race to buy the Midas claim that was certain to prove a gold mine worth a million.

Owen had been full of it; it was the chance of a lifetime.

NOW as Delilah realized just how a girl like Gerry would appeal to her susceptible husband, she more fully understood his enthusiasm over "poor Tom" and his prospects.

Owen was anxious to get their



"I've spent a barrel of money over you, Gerry, but I guess it was worth it."

And Delilah, knowing Stewart's supreme weakness for a pretty face, set her firm white teeth. She was mentally sneering, "Poor Tom! So like Stewart to worry over any man's troubles."

Delilah was roused by Caven introducing the symphony in gold as his sister Geraldine. The slim fingers of



visit to The Abbey over. Gerry and Delilah together—in proximity, was like carrying dynamite over a rough road. There would be no explosion—not just now; he knew the subtle methods of wife too well to fear that, so he said:

"Tom, Mr. Andrews has come out to look the horse over, and give him a trial on your half-mile track. An' I've got to get back to town soon 's I can."

"Right you are," Caven acquiesced. "We'll go down to the stable, you can look the colt over. Mr. Andrews, I'll have him saddled, and Mike—he's a tight boy—will give him a gallop."

"Better come, Lilah," Owen suggested. He turned to Caven. "You see, Tom, as I explained, this Shining Tree mine has got me tied up, but while here has got some loose change, an' she's a racin' bug."

"May I go too?" Gerry pleaded.

Owen frowned, and shook his head; but Gerry's eyes had been looking into Delilah's, full of admiring friendliness. She missed Stewart's pantomime, but Delilah didn't.

"Of course you're coming, Gerry—may I call you Gerry?" and Delilah's arm went round the girl's waist.

At the stable Caven and Andrews were in the stall going over the points of the colt. "Sweep Up is a three-year-old by Broomstick, out of Merry Maid," Caven explained.

"None better'n Broomstick's get, they can run an' stay," the patriarch commented; "an' Merry Maid—I remember her—she was a good mare. She was out of Australian, a imported hawse, an' that strain, called the Melbourne breed, can run all day. Merry Maid got one or two good colts—don't know where they are now, broke down, I guess."

The colt, a rich brown, had poked his head over the closed lower-half of the door, and was snuggling at Delilah's shoulder.

She opened her handbag, saying to Gerry: "I've always got some lumps of sugar here to give my horse, Slipper Dance; I carry them so I won't forget it."

She held a cube in the palm of her slim, strong hand to the colt, and Sweep Up picked it off the palm with his silky upper lip daintily.

"Oh, you're just a baby," Delilah cried—"just a baby! You've got a pretty mouth." She stroked the soft muzzle, saying in a lowered voice to Gerry, "If he were a man I wouldn't trust him—with that weak jaw."

Then Sweep Up was saddled, and, as he was brought out, Stewart asked: "Comin, over to the course, Lilah, to see the colt gallop?"

"I can't go," Gerry pointed to her bronze slippers. "I'll get some tea ready."

"I'll stay with Gerry," Delilah declared.

"But you want to see the colt work?" Owen expostulated.

"No, I don't Tootie; I'll leave that to Mr. Andrews; I'd rather chat with Gerry."

"You dear!" and the girl's hand rested on Delilah's arm affectionately, her dark, soft eyes full of appreciation.

"The devil!" Owen muttered as he strode away.

Gerry linked her arm in Delilah's saying, "We'll chef up a tea, and have a chat, dear. I'm glad you didn't go with the men. I get so lonesome here at The Abbey."

AS THEY started there was a loud, raucous neigh, a shrill whinny from a stall lower down in the row, followed by a thumping crash as if a horse belted the door with his hoofs. The lower door, being bolted, held, but the upper, lightly latched, swung open, and a brown head with distended nostrils and wide, eager eyes was thrust out, the horse's breast surging against the closed half-door.

Gerry, followed by Delilah, ran to the stall, the girl reproving the excited horse: "Duster, you had boy—back up!"

As she pushed at the horse's head she turned a troubled face to Delilah: "He knows that Sweep Up has gone out; scent or something; they generally go out together."

Delilah was staring at the horse. If was as if by some necromancy Sweep Up had been magicked into the stall. She worded this: "Why, he's the image of the other colt!"

"Yes," Gerry admitted, "nobody could tell them apart except for that," she indicated a white mark, like a long slim arrowhead, on the fetlock joint of the colt's right fore-leg.

"They must be brothers," Delilah declared.

"Yes, I believe they are. I think he's Sweep Up's four-year-old brother."

Delilah was stroking the brown forehead, running her hand down the bony nose. "Wait," she said to Gerry, "let me give him a lump of sugar; let's quiet him and then shut the door."

Duster fumbled the sugar in Delilah's palm so awkwardly that it rolled to the straw-covered floor.

"Clumsy!" she reproved; "try again." This time, with a little pushing assistance from Delilah, the horse retrieved the sweet. "There," she commented, "but you're not as clever as baby-mouth!"

And something of what she had said of the weak mouth on Sweep Up came back to her; the wider nostrils, the firmer mouth and jaw of Duster, caused her to say: "Gerry, I like this horse better than the other one; he's got a face firmer, more like a man who does things. Why doesn't your brother race him?" Delilah was sure she detected confusion in Gerry's hasty. "Oh, I don't know—there's something. Tom is going to keep him for



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breeding. I don't know much about the horses—I'm not interested much."

Gerry had closed the door, saying, "We must hurry back to The Abbey and get some tea ready."

At the bungalow the orchid flitted in and out, humming something soft, sensuous, the droop punctuated by the tinkle of silverware against shell china, the gold drape whispering about the slim, quick ankles with a suggestion of a zephyr ruffling apple blossoms.

Delilah, after the refusal of her tendered help, sat in a wicker chair watching the girl complacently; also, with a joy of endeavor in her active mind. Curiously she wasn't as bitter with Stewart as she had been in the Stella affair; she was a good sport, inherently, the Spanish or gypsy strain, whichever it was; and she had to admit that, given a man like Stewart, irresponsible, fond of immaterial things—diamonds, expensive ties, pretty women—that she could understand it in the case of Gerry.

And Gerry was deep. That clinging girlishness, rather cultivated, subdued gush, was the joker in the pack.

DELILAH etched the whole thing as she sat there. Stewart, deeply interested in a man's welfare—poor Tom!—had been the improbability that had roused her suspicions at first.

And Caven, totally void of finer sensibilities, would view with satisfaction the enmeshing of his friend, Owen, in the tendrils of the orchid.

Long before the men returned from the trial, Delilah had determined that Sweep Up should be taken into the patriarch's barn; this would mean that she would be holding a hand in this delightful game of using Owen—poor Tom would have a chance.

When the three men came into the bungalow, Delilah read in their faces depression; Sweep Up had evidently proved a front. Even the bright smile and golden swish of the orchid failed to lift the gloom.

Over the tea, Delilah, having broken the ice of reserve that shrouded the men by a query, Andrews explained that Sweep Up had not given much encouragement.

"In the first place, Mrs. Owen," he said, "the clock is agin him; he run the half-mile, with a light weight on his back, in 52 seconds, an' he was all out, cause the boy didn't spare the flail none."

"But, Uncle," Owen objected, "you've got a horse in your barn that won't work much faster 'n that, an' in a race he'll reel off three quarters in 1.12 on a fast track."

"That's right, son, 's far 's it goes; timin' a hawse in a stable trial sin't none too sure. I had another hawse that was the other way about—he was a mornin' glory. In the mornin' he'd show me a trial of 1.13 for three quarters, goin' with his mouth wide open, an' in a race he'd get beat in 1.14. No, trials don't land the purse. But Sweep Up don't seem to be able to extend himself; he's got a choppy gallop; he can't run, or he don't know how."

Delilah put her fingers on the patriarch's arm. "Perhaps that's just it, Mr. Andrews—he doesn't know how to run."

Owen stared. Delilah was stringing with them; and she always had a reason for taking an interest in anything or anybody. Evidently Gerry and Delilah liked each other—

little touches showed that they were chummy. What the devil had happened while they were out at the course?

"That's what I've been claiming," Caven thrust in.

"And that's what I told Tom when he spoke of the colt," Owen added; "I said that Mr. Andrews could make him run if he had it in him."

"Mr. Andrews," Delilah interposed. "Stewart and Mr. Caven think it would mean a fortune over the Midas mine if they could win enough on Sweep Up to buy it; wouldn't it be worth while your taking the horse to give him a fair trial? I'm willing to pay all the expenses; and you're so efficient."

"I kinder know the game, Mrs. Owen, but I ain't no miracle worker. This is jus' why I wanted you to come out; the funeral 's yours; what you say goes."

"Mr. Andrews will take the horse and see what can be done," Delilah declared.

Gerry whisked from her chair and laid her warm cherry lips against the olive cheek of Delilah, saying, "Dear, you are a sport—ain't she, Tom?"

"Stewart's a good picker," Owen asserted.

Owen should have felt elated—should have, but Static was muttering some-and down the room. "Gee, what a play! But if they thing he could not interpret, caught on?"

"Jus' 's you say, Mrs. Owen," Andrews confirmed. "We could take that chance. What's the old man like, Owen?"

He turned to Caven: "You send the colt in my barn at wolf—he hunts by himself." The Grapevine Course soon's you can."

"I'll send him in," Caven promised. "You've got about three weeks before the Fall Meet, and Sweep Up is in good condition. He's entered in the Boundary Stakes, and that's three thousand."

"Huh—the Boundary Stakes!" and Andrews executed the pondering act of caressing his long beard. "That kinder makes a difference. I got a couple of hawse in that stake, an' your hawse would be coupled in the bettin' with 'em if he was trained by me. You wouldn't get no long odds."

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"I guess," the patriarch drawled, "I might kinder fix that. Hank Armour handles a hawse, Yellow Tail, that I'm sorter interested in, an' I guess I could nominally have Sweep Up trained by Hank; his stalls is jus' nex' mine."

"But you would look after Sweep Up, Mr. Andrews—you'd really train him, wouldn't you?" Caven asked.

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"Now, Stewart," Caven continued, "that being settled, I wish you'd come up to my room and I'll show you the gold ore that Billy Cliff brought down from the Midas."

Owen opened his mouth to say "I've seen it a dozen times," but Caven's right eye, blanketed by the lid, checked him. "Right-o, Tom. We won't be five minutes," he said to Delilah.

"Oh, don't hurry; it's delightful here. Gerry and I will go out to the cherry orchard."

Mentally vowing that it was the last time for Delilah at The Abbey, Owen followed Caven up to the room.

"Sit down," Caven said indicating a chair, "we've got to talk fast. Only for Mrs. Owen, Stewart, that old salesman would've turned us down cold. I guess she took a fancy to Gerry."

"Say, Tom, you don't know Delilah; I promised her a trip to Paris if we won out on the Midas. Seal That got her. Some women you can fool all the time, but with Delilah if I win one throw out of ten I'm satisfied."

"Yes, the Midas. But to get that, Stewart, we've got to act quick; we've got to the Armstrong up with a purchase or an option, because if there's a leak about that rich gold vein in the Croesus heading at the thirty foot level for the Midas, that joint, that old tight-wad will jump the price to a hundred thousand and we can't touch it. We've got to pay him a thousand down for an option to buy at ten thousand. The Midas didn't cost the old cuss but fifteen hundred; he grub-staked a prospector, and then squeezed the poor devil out because he was broke. Armstrong doesn't know the claim is any good, because I promised it."

Stewart agreed; "If you can get by Billy Cliff I'd take care of him if we got the mine. Arm-Andrews with it nobody else will strong's holding out for ten thousand thinking that some sucker from New York will come along and buy it."

"Well, Tom, as I told you, I'm up against it for coin over the Shinin' Tree mine; I'm all tied up, but Delilah's got a fair wad, an' she'll put up the money if Sweep Up makes good in his trials."

Caven took a turn of the floor, and stopping in front of Owen, said: "And Sweep Up won't make good! It's Sweep Up! for he ran here in the taking too big a chance on him—there's too much at stake."

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"Then the thing's off, eh?"

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"I'm game if I say so. What is it?"

"I've got in my stable a four-year old, full brother to Sweep Up, called Duster, and nobody on earth can tell them apart, except for a white spot on one fetlock. I can hide that. A strong permanganate wash, brushed in three times, and not even Jack Andrews will know but what he's got Sweep Up. Duster could lose Sweep Up at a mile."

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"Wait!" Duster was a good two-year-old; he won three races. Then, at New Orleans, the man that had him, pulled him when he was a hot favorite, and the play was so raw that jockey, horse, and trainer were ruled off. When I bought this place from that owner, both colts were thrown in cheap, because Sweep Up was a yearling, and Duster, on account of being ruled off, was only good for breeding. I thought of trying to get Duster reinstated, being a different owner, but if he could run in that stake as Sweep Up he'd be 50 to 1, and he'd carry nine pounds less as a three-year-old, and have ten pounds allowance as a maiden—he'd have only 105 lbs. on his back. Sweep Up never won a race, and it's a maiden."

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"I guess," the patriarch drawled, "I might kinder fix that. Hank Armour handles a hawse, Yellow Tail, that I'm sorter interested in, an' I guess I could nominally have Sweep Up trained by Hank; his stalls is jus' nex' mine."

"But you would look after Sweep Up, Mr. Andrews—you'd really train him, wouldn't you?" Caven asked.

"Hank's kinder a lazy feller an' he wouldn't kick none if he got the honor of trainin' sev'ral hawse, an' wasn't asked to work too much. I guess it wouldn't make no difference to the colt, Hank's name bein' tacked on to the programmes an' entry sheets. If I'm goin' to try an' make good with this hawse for Mrs. Owen, I'll look after him myself."

"Now, Stewart," Caven continued, "that being settled, I wish you'd come up to my room and I'll show you the gold ore that Billy Cliff brought down from the Midas."

Owen opened his mouth to say "I've seen it a dozen times," but Caven's right eye, blanketed by the lid, checked him. "Right-o, Tom. We won't be five minutes," he said to Delilah.

"Oh, don't hurry; it's delightful here. Gerry and I will go out to the cherry orchard."

Mentally vowing that it was the last time for Delilah at The Abbey, Owen followed Caven up to the room.

just as big as the four-year-old; Duster hasn't grown any since he was three. And this very trick has been done before. The biggest race in the world, the English Derby, has been won twice by a four-year-old run as a three-year-old."

"Let's get down stairs," Owen advised; "the whole thing's cooked—it's pretty well planned; an' if we're in luck it'll go through."

When the Owens and Jack Andrews had screeched away in Miss Elizabeth, Gerry turned to her brother as they stood on the verandah, saying eagerly: "I knew that Delilah was born in that family as soon as I saw her, and felt that if I could make her like me they would take your horse on, Tom."

Caven gave a gruff chuckle. "You've got another little thing coming, girl. Didn't you look into that woman's eyes?"

"Yes, I did; nobody could help it; they made me shrink at first, they seemed to stab. But that is just intensity, she's intense."

"Intense is good, Gerry; she's that, and some. Perhaps it's all right if you didn't overplay your hand. If she thinks you are working her—well, good night."

"But, Tom, it was Delilah that really made Andrews take the horse, and wasn't that because she liked me?"

"It was because Owen promised her a trip to Paris if we snaked the Midas out of Armstrong's grip; and she sees a chance to play a thousand-to-one shot, scoop a half million iron men, perhaps a million—for a mighty small investment. I'll tell you something else, Gerry," he put a hand on the girl's shoulder and gently turned her round till their eyes met—"I've spent a barrel of money over you, but I guess it was worth it. You've got the looks, the dainty ways, and the education; you've been trying to pay it back by helping me out in this deal—ain't that so?"

The girl's eyes drooped a little. "Yes, good old Tom!"

"And you don't care two beans for Owen?"

"No, Tom." Her voice had shed its suspicion of artificiality and was just a woman's soft voice.

"No, you couldn't; he's flash; he's good hearted, and that lets him out. He hasn't got the it, the million things that you spell m-a-a. I'm not much better myself because,

kind of like Owen, I guess I had to rustle. I was thrown to the wolves when I was young; I wasn't taught anything but get what you want—get it, and forget it."

THE girl stroked the strong-firm jaw with petting fingers. "I know what you mean, Tom; you'd like to see me marry the Prince of Wales, eh?"

"You'd be good enough, girl. But now, since Delilah's been here—I saw her eyes blaze when you came into the room. That was because she knows Stewart. He can't help it—he's just a grown-up kid."

"But why was she so nice to me, Tom, if—if?"

"That's Delilah. If she was nice to me I'd take to the bush."

"Well, Tom, I think I understand. I was nice to Mr. Owen, and he's such a great boy that it was easy; that was so that he would help you, I understood that he had lots of money. But, Tom—" and Gerry's voice was anxious with the startling thought—"Andrews is a very shrewd racing man, and he didn't like Sweep Up. If the colt can't win what you are going to do—you won't get the mine."

"Little girl," and Caven pinched the oval cheek, "don't knock. The Lord hates a coward. I think the horse will make good. And, Gerry, if those bright eyes of yours see anything, don't get inquisitive, don't ask questions."

"I don't understand."

"That's right—I don't want you to."

"I promise, whatever it is."

Owen's mind beat a staccato to the purring whirr of Miss Elizabeth all the way back to town. His mind was not an acute one; it did not assimilate, tabulate a thrilling sequence of events with precision.

Delilah's ready acquiescence in the adoption of Sweep Up to pry loose a fortune didn't ring quite sincere. Knowing what he now did it was a good gamble, but Delilah didn't know that hidden thing, and the three-year-old was certainly not an alluring prospect. If Delilah had not seen Gerry of course it would have been purely business; having seen the girl Delilah's interest might be similar to the interest she had displayed in Stella. However, Owen's motto was, "When in doubt, drift." So he waited, expending his energy on a cigar.

Back in their room at the hotel the matter came up; at first little dribbling reminiscences of the afternoon.

"You've seen Caven now, Lilah," Stewart used to punch a hole in the ice, "don't you think that he's a good fellow? He's spent a ton of money over his sister."

"Somebody has."

STEWART checked himself wisely in a flash glance at Delilah's face. "You've got Gerry wrong, girl," he said carelessly; "if it wasn't for lookin' after Tom she'd been married long ago."

"Oh! I was wondering. Is she really much older than she looks, Tootie?"

"Damn—I don't know! I guess she's about twenty-one."

"Yes, she's all of that," Delilah agreed simply.



# What Does Radical Labor Want?

THREE main groups are emerging in Canadian public life: the business-professional group that has so largely dominated the thought and policies of the country; secondly, the Farmer group, which has long occupied an important place in the life of the country but which has only recently come into prominence with its own distinctive consciousness and ideals; and, thirdly, the labor group. It is highly desirable in the public interest that these three groups should at least come to understand one another's viewpoint.

In Canada the group that is least understood is probably that of labor. Labor is the last to arrive. It is composed to a very large extent of Old Country men with a background very different from that of the native business man or farmer. Further, this group may be said to speak a different language and to have its own standards and ideals. I might almost go so far as to say that it is developing its own code of ethics and its own type of religion.

Some of my Eastern friends might wonder if I am qualified to speak for labor. They have known me in the past as a student, or one interested in social service; but in more recent years I have had unbounded opportunities of coming into somewhat close contact with labor, especially in Western Canada. I have worked in the ranks, taken my share in the conflict, like my comrades been discriminated against, and looked at Society from behind prison bars.

For some years perhaps I could obtain only a rather outside view. Living in a social settlement in North Winnipeg, in the midst of a heterogeneous immigrant population, I had many opportunities of studying the problems of the working classes at close hand. Constantly I was driven to look below the superficial evils in the effort to discover more radical causes. Some four years ago, however, owing to a series of fortunate circumstances, I was plunged into the heart of the labor movement.

For nearly a year I worked as a longshoreman on the water-front in Vancouver. This was not a mere adventure but the result of the necessity of earning a livelihood. On account of my unconventional views, I had resigned from the Methodist Ministry and been "let out" of my position as Director of the Bureau of Social Research for the Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The first difficulty was to secure admission to the Union. For weeks I had to stand outside on the steps of the Longshoreman's Hall, awaiting the chance of a casual job. Here one began to realize in all its nakedness and ugliness the workings of the competitive system. A hundred men stand eagerly awaiting a job. The business agent comes out and calls for ten. The other ninety, disappointed, must wait perhaps days before their chance comes. It is hard to be one of the unfortunates. For anyone who is at all sensitive to human needs it is perhaps even harder to be chosen, knowing that your good fortune means another's loss. One day my mate turned away disappointedly, almost with tears in his eyes, and said bitterly: "I would not mind so much if it were not for the kids."

In due time I was admitted as a probationer. Then came the first practical knowledge of the value of belonging to a Union. I remember one day when piling heavy rice sacks, being almost exhausted, when the business agent came along and it was discovered that under the schedule we had a right to two more men in the gang than the foreman had allowed. Our agent insisted on the two men being added. What a relief to our weary backs and over-strung nerves!

Had the foreman refused, our gang would have quit work so would all the gangs on that dock and on the entire waterfront. Only the helpless individual workman understands the absolute necessity for the backing of a strong Union.

By JAMES S. WOODSWORTH, M.P.

"The Native-born Canadian is the Greatest Foe to Development of Trade-unionism in This Country."



JAMES WOODSWORTH, M.P.

Here I saw something of the monotony of the work of large numbers of men. To wheel a truck hour by hour, day by day, from slings to pile, pile to slings, back and forward, requires little mental exertion. By ten o'clock in the morning we were eagerly looking forward to the respite of the noon hour. The afternoon was a weary drag, endured simply because of the pay check. It was a positive relief sometimes to be able to take a damaged case to the other end of the warehouse. One had to take care then to avoid a different set of knots, in the rough planking, and the pleasure of this "mental exertion" more than counterbalanced any extra physical strain.

I began, too, to understand why workers are so keen on meetings. Here only men are able to discuss demands freely. Here, for the first time perhaps in a week, they have a chance to express themselves with regard to policies and to have some little voice in their own affairs.

In the course of some months it began to dawn upon me what the worker means by class consciousness. Here we were, the workers, doing the work of the world, the employers reaping the dividends. We read in the papers of the huge profits made during war times by some of the employers, and bitterly compare this with the meagre sums which barely suffice to keep our own families at the low standard of living. Thus rebels are made.

In the spring of 1919, while on a lecture tour, I arrived in Winnipeg in the middle of the great general strike and was fortunate enough to witness and have some part in one of the greatest industrial struggles that have taken place on this continent. Easterners have been told the most fantastic stories as to what actually occurred and what lay behind the strike. From an inside knowledge I can assure them that there was not the slightest attempt at political revolution.

Perhaps partly owing to the post-war psychology, and very largely to the ignorance of the general public as to the aims of labor, the authorities became hysterical, their action leading to most regrettable results. The fact was that an ordinary industrial dispute had received an altogether unheard-of support from the whole labor movement of the city, and a small strike committee threatened to control the entire life of the city. If this committee could be called a Soviet at the labor temple, another Soviet was set up at the Board of Trade where the employers organized the Citizens' Committee and challenged the power of the labor group. In the midst of this novel situation the city, provincial and federal authorities remained for weeks inactive. Then, when the federal authorities did interfere, it was with a club.

In swift succession came the amendment to the Immigration Act, by which British subjects born outside of Canada and un-naturalized aliens were deprived of the right to a trial by jury; the invasion of provincial jurisdiction by the appointment of a deputy minister of justice; the employment of the mounted police to search homes; the spectacular arrest of well-known citizens, and the shooting of men on the streets.

When our British liberties were being torn to shreds, and the Editor of the Workers' paper had been arrested, I found myself drawn into the scrap. I, too, was arrested, on the charge of seditious libel, one of the counts against me being that I did "seditiously quote a passage from the Book of Isaiah." The trials have now become famous—I might almost say infamous. Never in Canada was there such a perversion of justice. Three of the convicted men were elected to the provincial legislature while in jail.

In connection with the defence, I had opportunities of meeting labor groups from Montreal to Prince Rupert. In this way I have been able to learn something of the real aspirations of labor. A few weeks ago almost eight thousand electors of Center Winnipeg asked me to represent their case in the House at Ottawa. For this reason, perhaps, I may claim to know what at least one section of labor wants.

It must be confessed that a great number of labor people want but little, indeed. For so long they have been, as it were, "bewens of wood and drawers of water" that they are satisfied to drag along with little thought as to any better condition.

Further, labor's demands are as yet only half articulate. Even in England it is only within recent years that the exponents of labor policies have been able to formulate the emerging desire of labor. Other classes have been able to command a trained leadership. Labor's leaders have again and again been drawn off to serve other interests.

We need to-day in the labor movement, above all else, not leaders but rather men who can voice the aspirations of labor and interpret labor to the general public.

The older labor organizations confined themselves largely to the matter of wages and hours and conditions of work. The labor man demands first of all a wage that will secure him a decent living. We hear much of high wages, but outside a few organized groups the majority of labor people are still below the standards, even as recognized by our governmental departments. In computing wages the ordinary business man multiplies the amount of wages per hour, by the working hours of the day, and that by the working days of the year. This gives an altogether erroneous idea of the situation. In Western Canada, at least, very few laborers work more than eight months in the year. There is much lost time.

Recently, at Drunheller, the miners told me that they had been working for the last thirteen months only one and two days in the week. One man had kept track of his time and had worked for only seventy-two days during the year 1920. Supposing he did get the high wage of \$12 a day, how could he support a family?

Again, we must remember that real wages are very different from nominal wages. Inflated values have borne very heavily on the labor people. Wages did not rise as fast or so far as the cost of living. Now deflation is demanded and we are told that wages must be cut. But why should wages be the first to start down hill? Statistics will show that the real wages of labor men on this continent are not so high as they were in pre-war days.

THE VIEWS in this article are those held by Mr. Woodsworth and the Independent Labor Party. The publishers of MACLEAN'S wish to state, however, that the facts the writer has given in regard to the Winnipeg strike do not agree with the evidence in their possession. Mr. Woodsworth is a graduate of Manitoba University, of Victoria College (Toronto), and also studied at Oxford University. He is an author and worked for a year (after leaving the Methodist ministry) as a longshoreman in Vancouver, where he says he learned more "economics" than in the universities.

Critics of labor frequently deplore the raised standards of living. It is true that on the whole the standards have been rising during the past hundred years; the American standards are higher than those of Europe. And why not? Surely the whole of our modern education is based on the idea of the development of a higher type of citizenship. Why teach our children literature unless we give them the opportunity of enjoying it? Why teach them music if it becomes a crime for a labor man to dream of having a piano in his home? As a matter of fact, outside a few highly paid trades the majority of labor people have at present a difficult time making both ends meet. In the recent municipal elections in British Columbia it was found very difficult to

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# JIMMY AND THE SPEED TEST

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IF THERE was one person in the world whom Jane Ida Meagh hated and loathed with all her soul, that person was Henry Obbings. Henry was a limp youth who gave you the impression that he had shaved in a bad light. He was famous in the social circle in which he moved, for his ready wit and a gift of repartee. He invariably recounted with a wealth of detail his encounters with Jimmy, and repeated, with great effect, the things he had said to Jimmy on these occasions.

It is true that the majority of his pert replies were those he remembered long after he had left Jimmy and it is also a fact that he never quite gave a faithful account of what Jimmy had said to him. There were some things which Henry could never bring himself to repeat.

Henry B. Obbings (Jimmy called him "Henry Bonehead Obbings") was the pet speedster of the Rat-a-plan Typewriter Syndicate, and from time to time there were issued by him or on his behalf, challenges to the whole of the civilized mankind, man or woman, to meet him in a speed contest, the only conditions being that Mr. Obbings should operate on a Number 6, Silent Rat-a-plan, "the writer that writes."

For the purpose of this challenge Jimmy regarded herself as inhuman, and steadfastly and resolutely declined to beat Mr. Obbings privately or publicly and sneered openly at Mr. Obbings' picture in the newspapers. These appeared from time to time for the Rat-a-plan had an excellent press agent, and they revealed Mr. Obbings working at his machine, a sycophantic attendant standing by with an oil-can.

It was a legend that he worked so fast that after half-an-hour's use the bearings of the machine became so hot that it was necessary to open the doors and windows of the room in which he worked, to let the temperature cool down. And there were pictures of Mr. Obbings in his moments of leisure and recreation sitting at a table, with his head upon his clenched fists, looking at a book with a studious, even sad expression.

ONE morning there came to Jimmy a further challenge by Mr. Henry B. Obbings. There was an annual exhibition at which business appliances of all kinds were shown, and it was a feature of this event that a diploma and a gold medal were competed for by stenographers. So far it had resulted in a walk-over for Henry.

Jimmy had turned down every such artful move and invitation and she now dropped the letter into her waste-paper basket with an exaggerated gesture of disgust. Nor did the information that the Rat-a-plan Typewriter Company offered an additional money prize of substantial value to any human stenographer who could exceed the speed of Mr. Obbings, produce a second of irresolution to her decision.

She got up from her breakfast-table briskly and looked at her engagement book. Jimmy was booked ahead, as has been remarked before, like a fashionable physician. Her amazing quickness, her accuracy, her unquestionable integrity justified the big fees she received, and incidentally confirmed her wisdom when she set out to be a specialist

stenographer. Jimmy certainly knew what she was about.

Her first call that day was on Dr. John Phillips, who was also a specialist in his way and Dr. John, who looked a little tired under the eyes, as well he might be, for he had been up all night with a dying patient, received her at his morning meal.

"Thanks, no, doctor," said Jimmy. "I've just breakfasted."

"This is my supper," growled the doctor. "Jimmy, I've the details of fourteen cases to dictate to you and I hope you feel fitter for the job than I. By-the-way," he said curiously, "where did you get your extraordinary knowledge of the nomenclature from? You've never yet spelt a medical term wrongly."

"I got them out of a book, the same as you," said Jimmy. The doctor looked at her admiringly.

"You a clever devil!" he said. "I bet you read up the whole book!"

"You'd win," said Jimmy with a smile.

For the next hour and a quarter she was absorbed in the gruesome and sorrowful business of recording the histories of cases, every other one of which ended: "The patient died at 11.45," or whatever the hour might have been.

"Don't any of your patients get well?" asked Jimmy as she snapped the band round her note-book.

"Just a few, Jimmy," said Phillips. "Don't forget, I am only called in at the very end in lots of cases. I think some of them expect me to bring my trumpet, under the impression that I am the Archangel Gabriel."

"A rotten life," said Jimmy thoughtfully, "I'd sooner stenog."

The doctor looked at his watch. "I must hurry. I've got to go to Greenwich," he said.

NEVERTHELESS, and in spite of his hurry, he sat down again at his desk and lit a cigarette, offering one to Jimmy who shared a common match.

"Jimmy, do you think that a young man with brilliant prospects, but no money, should marry a very nice girl and start lifting a family on that?" He snapped his fingers to indicate a microscopic income.

"It all depends upon the prospects," said Jimmy cautiously. "If it's only a prospect of raising a large family, I should say no."

"And I said no, too," said the specialist with a sigh.

He was a youngish man, remembering the position he occupied in the medical world, and that he could still sigh over the follies of his fellow-men was a wholesome tribute to his youth.

"He is a pal of mine. We were at university together," he said.

Jimmy guessed that the unknown he was the patient of Greenwich. Dr. John was looking at the ceiling thoughtfully.

"I was talking to him about you yesterday."

"About me?" said Jimmy in surprise.

"About you. I don't think he has a great deal of money—in fact I know he hasn't," said Phillips frankly, "and it's hard luck that at a time when he's really a sick man—he's had a bad nervous breakdown—he should have had a real good offer from one of the technical journals for a series of articles."

He paused and blew a ring of smoke to the rafters.

"Jimmy, I know your fees, and they are beautifully exorbitant. God bless you for keeping the specialist beyond the reach of common people. But if he asks you to go down, and I think he could dictate these articles—he certainly could not write them—I wish you would charge him a sum which is not ridiculously low, but which is not your ordinary rate. One minute," he said, as she was going to speak, "I want you to put the rest of your fee on my bill."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, doctor," said Jimmy quietly. "I'd do this job for nothing, but I suppose he wouldn't like that. Anyway I'll do it at a normal typist's fee, and as to putting the rest of the charge on your account, that's ridiculous, unless you send me a bill for doctoring my throat last spring and for giving me several helpful pieces of advice about my heart, lungs and important blood vessels."

He laughed as he rose. "I must go, Jimmy. I'll let you know about Fernell."

That morning Jane Ida Meagh was the victim of a



Mr. Henry B. Obbings sat in a gaily-decorated booth, surrounded by a large crowd of admiring stenographers, and demonstrated the staggering qualities of the Rat-a-plan.



trick. She had been engaged by a firm of manufacturer's agents to copy a long document dealing with the cork harvest of Spain. She had to do the work at the agent's office and it was urged upon her that it was vital, was indeed a matter of life and death that she should get to the last word of that report in the briefest possible space of time.

It was a brand new typewriter, of a brand new make to which she sat. The keyboard was, of course, universal and most of the gadgets were of a type with which she was unfamiliar, though their manipulation was very early learnt.

She had fixed the tension to her liking and then—the machine grew eloquent under her lightning fingers.

"There's your report," she said, and observed that the agent had a stop watch in his hand.

"Five thousand words in forty-two minutes, 15.2 seconds," he said breathlessly but exactly.

"I daresay," said Jimmy. "Shall I send you a bill or are you one of those never-owe-nobody people?"

The agent, for this occasion, was of the latter variety. Jimmy collected her cheque and left and there the incident appeared to have closed. She did not even ask herself why a report on the U.S. Consul at Cadix dated 1916 should have been so urgently required.

BUT the next day she passed a long store and in the window was a typewriter. And beneath the typewriter was a large sign:

THE PLATEN TYPE-  
WRITER  
On Which  
MISS JANE IDA  
MEAGH  
(the world's champion stenographer)  
wrote 5,347 words in 42 mins. 15.2 secs.  
A Record For The Earth  
Come Inside and Look at this New Marvel  
of

Engineering Science.

"THE MACHINE WITH A MIND."

"God bless my soul!" said Jimmy and, despite this pious invocation, went red with wrath.

She swept into the store and went straight to the manager's private office—she knew the way blindfolded to most of the private offices in town.

"Take my name out of your window, Mr. Salter," she said peremptorily.

"But, my dear girl—"

"Take it out or I'll sue you for libel," she said. "Anyway it is a lie. I took an hour and a quarter to do the work, on the worst brand of machine that I've ever handled. And what's more, I shall make an affidavit to that effect."

"It's a good machine," he protested, "there are only three in existence—they're show samples and—"

"Three too many!" snapped Jimmy. "They're show samples and found wanting."

"Mr. Brown said—"

"If Brown is the non-de-guerre of the Armenian who engaged me to copy the cork serial," said Jimmy, "you can spare my young ears the repetition of his invention. Now, do you take out that placard or do I call up the press boys and tell them all my troubles?"

"I'll take it out," growled Mr. Salter. "I must say you're not very considerate. I gave you a lot of work last summer—"

"You can give it to somebody else next summer," said Jimmy promptly. "Maybe she'll do it on 'The Platen.' It's a darned good machine for two finger typists. Try 'em with 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party!'"

She fired this invitation as she left him and there was a sting in it which only a real typist will understand. Mr. Salter was not a real typist and it sounded sheer unadulterated cheek to him.

The placard was removed and there the matter would have ended, for Jimmy was discretion itself and she was in no mood to advertise the trick that had been played upon her. What annoyed her most was that the machine was really good and a distinct improvement on any she had ever used.

Unfortunately, Mr. Salter was not so discreet. And the news came to a wandering reporter, and the reporter, who was a clever young reporter, wrote a most amusing story that covered the Platen Typewriter Company, without mentioning its title, with shame and ignominy, so that in every business office where girls groped for keys and dreamt dreams of making Jane Ida Meagh look like a pickled walnut, the Platen Typewriter became synonymous with foolishness. The publicity had the effect of spurring Mr. Henry Obbings to a further challenge, to which Jimmy, as Jimmy to a reply:

"Dear Sir:—You ask me whether I will make an exhibition of myself and urge as a reason, the fact that you intend making an exhibition of yourself. The only inducement I can see for me so far forgetting myself, is the paragraph in which you tell me that I should work at one end of the building and you at the other. The knowledge that we were as far apart as possible would be an inducement, were it not for the fact that the certainty that I was

to the kitchen to examine the little thermostat which regulated the heat of the oven, and to compare the watch which lay open on the dresser, with a note of the minute and the second that her work had gone to a warmer climate, written in pencil on the edge of the cookery book.

She opened the oven and with a cloth drew out the steel plate on which four beautiful confections lay and the fragrance of them was as intense to her nostrils.

She looked at her work, then opened the cookery book and examined the colored plates, on which was a life-like representation of the biscuits she was baking. They were exact! If anything her creations were an improvement upon the book. She bore them to her room and on her face was a look of holy exaltation. Each one she wrapped in white tissue and packed them into a small box and put the box into her attaché case.

SHE arrived in Greenwich in the afternoon. The Fennell's house was a small one and poorly furnished, she saw at a glance.

A girl met her at the door, a smiling bright-eyed girl who had laughed at poverty so long that it had become a habit.

"You're Miss Meagh, aren't you?" she said shaking hands. "It is very good of you to come so far."

Jimmy, who was somewhat at sea on occasions like this, smiled and was glad to get an awkward situation over. She found her client lying on a sofa in a somewhat bare parlor. He was a man of thirty and he looked terribly ill, Jimmy thought. A low table near by was piled high with books, newspaper cuttings and

blue-covered reports.

"My husband has been ill," explained Mrs. Fennell.

"But he's much better now, aren't you, Frank?"

"Oh quite. I'm just loafing now," said the man with a grin. "I think I can dictate the best part of the article this afternoon, Miss Meagh."

"Fire away," said Jimmy and produced her book.

Fennell's estimate of his strength had erred on the optimistic side. After three-quarters of an hour of dictation he was exhausted.

"I'm sorry," he said ruefully. "I thought I was stronger."

"Don't worry," said Jimmy. "You've dictated quite a lot. Anyway, I can come down to-morrow afternoon."

"It's a long way out of town," he said doubtfully.

"Rubbish!" said Jimmy and that settled the matter.

They pressed her to stay to tea, and she needed very little pressing. She had not had the opportunity she had sought, and as tea was to be served in the drawing-room she thought that this was a chance not to be missed. In the interval of waiting she was introduced to the Fennell baby and, as usual, when babies swam into her ken, she became incoherent and foolish.

"I always get maudlin over babies," she said apologetically. "Of course, it is every girl's pose that she loves 'em, but I'm honest. I admit it."

The maid brought in the tea, a plate of bread and butter, some jam sandwiches and a dish of pastries. Jimmy waited breathlessly.

"No thanks, dear, I won't eat anything," said Mr. Fennell with a little shiver. He ran his eyes over the plate of pastries. "No thank you," he said again, as though he had asked himself and refused.

"Really you ought to eat something, Frank," said his pretty wife, looking concerned and Jimmy coughed.

"A friend of mine makes rather good pastries," she said carelessly. "She's rather a good cook and curiously enough she sent me—"

She opened her attaché case and took out the box with fingers which shook a little.

WOULD they have retained their beautiful shape and appearance? Before now Jimmy had known the most remarkable changes to occur between oven and eating. She removed the wrappings from one with a reverent touch. It was as it had been! Fennell's eyes fastened upon it.

"That looks good to me," he reached out his hand.

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# DON'T BE A DINOSAUR!

A FEW years ago a wave of prohibition swept over this continent. At that time certain lugubrious individuals, in giving point to their pain and anger, painted mournful pictures of the young men of the race bereft of the kindly shadow of the bar room, being forced out into the streets only to find their way eventually to the poolroom and the questionable dance hall.

Looking back on these fearful pictures we are at a loss to find their counterpart in life. There is no clattering up of street corners with young men, even the pool rooms are only comfortably crowded, and most frequently by those who, in some mysterious way, live like the lilies of the field. The dance halls whose very name a few years ago was anathema to God-fearing folk have virtually ceased to exist, and in their place have come attractive places, models of propriety in every sense. Yet, hard as it may be to believe, the young man is not there.

There are some young men, of course, but if you take the trouble to glance over any assembly of the sort, the fact that will probably strike you is that the dancers are older than they used to be. The young man, the man between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, has given place to the man of forty-five. The young man is not in the saloon or the dance hall or the pool rooms, so much is certain. Trailing him to his lair by the use of the cold hard logic that says, "if he is not in these places then he must be somewhere else," we eventually discover him bowed studiously over a desk or at a night school, or in his own room at home poring over a volume dealing with advanced business practice. It is a fact, surprising as it may appear. The upstanding young man of to-day knows more of finance than frivolity, more of technology than of Terpsichore.

Education has not been thrust upon him; it has been sold to him. There looks out at you from the pages of almost any magazine you may pick up the face of that purposeful chap so manifestly at grips with any dragon that stands in the way of his success. Pointing fingers demand of you, "Are you a Business Coward?" Inquisitive individuals ask from the printed page, "What are you doing with your Spare Time?" Optimistic gentlemen with all the assurance of inch type, assert: "You can Double Your Salary!"—"You Should be earning \$10,000." Enquiring souls would know, "Why you should Wait 20 years to be President?" And the young men have read and considered, and are diligently thinking themselves into the part of the masterful, grey-beard who sits at the head of the directors' table, just as a few years ago they were thinking themselves into a khaki coat and a breast adorned with ribbons.

More than that, most of the articles and books that he reads tend to the same end. The swashbuckling hero of the Zenda period has given place to the super-man of business. The young man of to-day reacts to the talk of large figures. He thinks of a million now as easily as the young man of a few years previous thought of two bits. He is being schooled in the "success" brand of literature. He reads success and brain power pamphlets and the books and magazines that deal in the office-boy-to-president type of literature. All the thought of the age, and all its material necessities, force him inexorably to one mode of thinking. Efficiency is the by-word of the age.

## The Writing on the Wall

THERE is no suggestion that we are developing an intellectual Colossus. Deep down within him the young man of to-day agrees with the mass of people that night was ordained for sleep and the movies. He can still shake as agile a toe as his father. He is no wiser than his brother of former years, but he is living in a new age. Years ago the duck-billed dinosaur and the brontosaurus, faced by a change in climate, turned up their mighty toes, and passed into history, and the young man of to-day senses the age-old law of the survival of the fittest. He may not put it in these terms, but he knows new conditions make new demands, he is wise enough to appreciate some men get jobs while others don't, and he evolves from these simple phenomena a judgment on life. It is not so much a nobility and strength of character that we are ascribing to him. It is merely that he does not want to be a Dinosaur. If you can ascribe any active characteristic to this peculiar tendency of thought, it is merely the more or less unthinking effort to avoid this fate.

Ten years ago the night school was given over to ambitious newboys, to Angeles and Demetrius, eager to secure enough arithmetic to compete successfully against a cold world for the price of a banana or a shoe shine. Perhaps here and there an embarrassed and ambitious individual studied stenography with the idea that some day he might be a newspaper reporter. But no one was missing from the fashionable dance. Every bank clerk, every accountant was safely cared for by some social engagement. The night school belonged to the very poorest of the proletariat. No one seemed to expect more

By J. L. RUTLEDGE

of it. It stood somewhere below the common school, its duty to provide sufficient of the practicalities of the three R's for those who saw no need for education. That was its purpose ten years ago. To-day these same schools and the correspondence school, which is more a modern development of the same idea, are giving a highly specialized training to supplement the day to day experience of the commercial world and to superimpose the element of practicality on a B. A. degree.

From the banks there comes a steady stream of men, one city in Canada alone accounting for a thousand students. The insurance offices are erupting night-schoolward. The young man is leaving the lathe, and the counting house stool, dragging his weary feet from behind the counter or from under the draughting table, to turn them toward the night school, or toward his own third-floor-back bed-room, where, with a green shade over his eyes, he wrestles with the problems that are not so much the problems of his present day, but the problems of his probable future.

## What Started All This

THERE are many factors that have helped to bring about this situation, and first of these was perhaps the war. Because the war upset our orderly habits, created new social and economic conditions, indeed created a new world. It took the young men out of schools and colleges, from the junior benches of banks and mercantile institutions, and sent them into officers' training camps where they sweated as they had never done before to get the necessary information that was to be the "Open Sesame" to the great adventure. There is the fact, too, that the war gave to these young adventurers in payment for the cool courage that was their one great asset, officers' salaries that were far in excess of their actual worth in the business world. When they came back and found this out it was an unpleasant surprise that shook them into a mood to consider anything that spelled the word success.

Then of course there is our old and hard-worked friend the Cost of Living that put a damper on many gaieties. Inexpensive pleasures have become a thing of the past, or at least have ceased to be inexpensive. The automobile has had its influence. It has taught people to think in terms of upkeep.

And here let us introduce a new thought.

The war years were tragic years for the "flapper." Gaiety, attention, the idolatry and admiration of callow youth were her right, as they had been the right of her sisters before her since the time of Eve. But her natural companions were learning stern lessons in the sanguinary mud of Flanders, lessons of self-discipline that the passing of the war years have scarcely eradicated. They have passed the period of juvenile philandering and, being wise beyond their years, they realize that anything more serious is beyond them. The young man eating at the corner restaurant realizes that the upkeep of one "flapper" is heavy, and that despite the optimism of that cheerful prevaricator who held that two could live as cheaply as one, he realizes that the upkeep costs of married life are apt to be beyond his modest earnings. The bridegrooms of to-day require more ageing than those of a decade past. The young men of

this year will not be in the marriage market for some years hence. Old friend Cost of Living, must be beard in his den before "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" can be appropriately wafted from the organ. Thus, is the orderly two-by-two Noah's Ark system being put at a disadvantage.

## The Young Man's Fancy

BUT why continue further in this vein? It is obvious that every thing, whether life itself, the printed page, or the social usages, are all preaching the same stern doctrine. Every factor is impressing on the young man, and indeed on the middle-aged, the imperative necessity of doing something to create a demand for their services in the business market. With these sharpened senses, it is not hard for the young man to realize that it would be of no value to him to be able to remember Mr. Smith, of Seattle, and his lumber deal, or whatever it was that the omnipresent Mr. Smith was dealing in. He would delight to say—"If I remember correctly, and I do remember correctly!"—He can picture himself into the part of the young man answering promptly the questions put to him by the boss.

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How I Increased My Salary  
More Than 300%  
By J. L. RUTLEDGE

A \$1000 Raise  
How I Increased My Salary  
More Than 300%  
By J. L. RUTLEDGE

Make Yourself the  
"One Man in a Thousand"  
An Amazingly Easy Way  
to Earn \$10000 a Year  
Let Me Show You How FREE

200,000 Men  
Are Earning More With  
the Help of These Books

973 Little Ideas  
That Bring Bigger  
Business Profits  
Riches-Power-Success  
All These Psycho-analyses

The First Month  
I Earned \$1000  
And he might have  
a husband  
There Lies Your Opportunity  
Don't Dream of Success  
Go Out and Win It!

Test Yourself  
When You Lay Aside the Paper  
How Much Can You Recall  
Your Success Is Certain  
In the Big Pay Field of Today—ELECTRICITY

At Last—A Real Job  
and Real Money!  
A New Idea that  
Makes Men Rich  
The Secret of  
Business  
Leadership  
A Big Raise in Salary!  
Are you in business for yourself?

How I increased my salary  
more than 300%  
Are You a Business  
Coward?  
Do Your Spare Hours Show  
in Your Pay-Check?  
It's a Shame for You  
Not to Earn \$10000 a Year  
When Others Do It So  
2,400 to \$10,000 A YEAR  
in WIRELESS  
Why wait 20 years to be a President?



# The Immigrants Canada Wants

By SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON, K.C.M.G.

Former Minister of the Interior

IT IS A consoling thought, sanctified by long usage, that if everything is not satisfactory with regard to immigration it can always be blamed on the government or the tariff. The fact remains, however, that a country can only get the kind of immigrants which are suitable to it and can only hold and assimilate them if they have been wisely chosen.

There has been a considerable amount of criticism in the last year or two over the statement alleged to be founded upon the census returns that we have lost 1,800,000 people in the last ten years. That is to say that our population is not so great by 1,800,000 as it would have been had we retained all our immigration and the natural increase of the population. A Conservative government has been roundly blamed; the tariff has been blamed, and where these excuses fail there are a great many others that are cited as to reasons for this alleged loss. As a matter of fact, nothing is to be blamed except, first, that this is a cold and severe country and, second, that the right kind of people were not brought. I do not think that the government or the tariff had anything whatever to do with it. I doubt if there were as

many lost as 1,800,000, but no doubt there were a great many lost. I think they would have been lost just the same if the tariff had been twenty per cent. less or if there had been a Liberal government in power, or a Farmers' government in power. There is always a drift to the south. The climate is warmer and the conditions are easier. Young men go there to better their conditions in business, and for adventure and other reasons; old people go because they want a milder climate. Sick people go because they cannot stand the Canadian winter. French-Canadians go to work in the factories of New England. But, apart from all these, we have the case of the man who has not the grit to fight out the battle of life in Canada and goes South because the conditions are easier. When a thousand immigrants land in Canada, if they are not very carefully selected, a certain proportion of them will drift to the South. It is not worth while bemoaning this fact. They are no loss to us. We are better off without them. If they had been here it would have been necessary to feed them, as it has been necessary to feed a good many of the same sort who remained here.

## Need to Understand Conditions

THE subject of Immigration is one which is most difficult to understand because it requires a wide range of experience that very few men have the opportunity of acquiring. Before one can know anything about the question of Immigration he must be able to correlate it with the conditions prevailing in Canada. He must know, for instance, the conditions of life in four or five different provinces. This of itself requires rather extensive experience. It is necessary to know the kind of people who are living in the rural districts of these provinces and who have been most successful in that environment. Then, it is necessary to understand the national characteristics of the people whom it is sought to attract, and more especially of the particular classes out of the particular nationalities that it is sought to attract. It takes a number of years for one to acquire even a cursory knowledge of the subject. I spent the earlier years of my life in pretty close touch with western farmers. Later on I was called upon to take charge of the work of Immigration at Ottawa. While I had many other duties I regarded my most important mission as connected with Immigration.

## What Past Experience Shows

IN ORDER to understand the problem, or even its general outline, it is necessary to have a view of what has been done in the past, because the result of the efforts that have been made in the past is the only safe criterion in judging the present and the future. Therefore, not with any desire of reviving dead issues or thrashing over old straw, it becomes necessary to speak of the past.

People who do not know anything at all about the policy which was followed by the department of the Interior under my direction quite commonly make the statement that my policy for Immigration was quantity and not quality. As a matter of fact that statement is the direct opposite of the fact. In those days settlers were sought from three sources; one was the United States. The American settlers did not need sifting; they were of the finest quality and the most desirable settlers. In Great Britain we confined our efforts very largely to the North of England and Scotland, and for the purpose of sifting the settlers we doubled the bonuses to the agents in the North of England, and cut them down as much as possible in the

*Sir Clifford Sifton has been asked to put in the shape of a short article for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE the substance of some remarks which he made a short time ago to the Toronto Board of Trade on the subject of immigration.*

South. The result was that we got a fairly steady stream of people from the North of England and from Scotland and they were the very best settlers in the world. I do not wish to suggest that we did not get many very excellent people from the more southerly portions of England, but they were people who came on their own initiative largely, which was the best possible guarantee of success.

OUR work was largely done in the North. Then, came the continent—where the great emigrating center was Hamburg. Steamships go there to load up with people who are desirous of leaving Europe.

The situation is a peculiar one. If one should examine twenty people who turn up at Hamburg to emigrate he might find one escaped murderer, three or four wasters and ne'er-do-wells, some very poor shop-keepers, artisans or laborers and there might be one or two stout, hardy peasants in sheep-skin coats. Obviously the peasants are the men that are wanted here. Now, with regard to these twenty men, no one knows anything about them except the shipping agents. These men are sent in from outlying local agencies all over Europe. They arrive at Hamburg and the booking agents have their names and full descriptions of who they are and where they come from. No one else has this information.

We made an arrangement with the booking agencies in Hamburg, under which they winnowed out this flood of people, picked out the agriculturists and peasants and sent them to Canada, sending nobody else. We paid, I think, \$5 per head for the farmer and \$2 per head for the other members of the family.

This arrangement was carried out through the agents of a Company known as the North Atlantic Trading Company which was merely a company incorporated by the agents and employees of the booking houses. The steamship companies did not like this arrangement. The Canadian steamship agents did not like it. The result of the arrangement was that they lost a lot of business because immigration which was not useful to us was sent to other countries in very large volume. Eventually a political agitation was begun against the North Atlantic Trading Company and the government finally cancelled the contract and abandoned my policy. The policy was completely and perfectly successful while it lasted. There was not one-half of one per cent. of the people we got from Hamburg who were not actual agriculturists. Almost without exception they went on farms and practically without exception they are on their farms yet, if they are alive. If not, their children are there.

About the same time that this contract was cancelled the government also altered my policy with respect to the distinction between the North of England and Scotland, on the one hand, and the South of England on the other. They equalized the bonus all over. The result of these two changes was to let loose the flood of emigration without any selection whatever. The number was much greater and the quality was infinitely worse. I made an investigation a few years afterwards in regard to the immigration into Alberta; and my conclusion was that not one in five of the people who went to Alberta was going on the land.

## The Quality Standard

WHEN I speak of quality I have in mind, I think, something that is quite different from what is in the mind of the average writer or speaker upon the question of Immigration. I think a stalwart peasant in a sheep-skin coat, born on the soil, whose forefathers have been farmers for ten generations,

with a stout wife and a half-dozen children, is good quality. A Trades Union artisan who will not work more than eight hours a day and will not work that long if he can help it, will not work on a farm at all and has to be fed by the public when work is slack is, in my judgment, quantity and very bad quality. I am indifferent as to whether or not he is British born. It matters not what his nationality is; such men are not wanted in Canada, and the more of them we get the more trouble we shall have.

For some years after the changes in policy which followed my retirement from office, Canada received wholesale arrivals of all kinds of immigrants. As above stated, there was no selection. Particularly from the continent it is quite clear that we received a considerable portion of the off-scourings and dregs of society. They formed colonies in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and other places and some of them and their children have been furnishing work for the police ever since.

The situation at Hamburg is practically the same now as it was then, except that there is a larger proportion of ne'er-do-wells and scoundrels who desire to get away from Europe. The peasants can be brought there and they wish to emigrate, but it is imperative that an effective method be adopted for making a selection. We want the peasants and agriculturists; we do not want the wasters and criminals.

## The Unchanged Problem

IT IS said that the problem of Immigration is not at all the same as it was when I started to work in 1897. In my judgment the problem is just the same. If I did not think so I would not have made these references to the past. There were some difficulties which existed in 1897 which do not exist now. Conversely, there are some difficulties now which did not exist then. The problems are the same; the conditions it is true are somewhat changed, but it is no more difficult to adapt the work to the existing conditions now than it was in 1897.

The main trouble encountered in those days was the fact that nobody knew anything about Canada. Reference, of course, is not made to educated and travelled people. They knew a little about Canada but they did not know anything about the life of the pioneer, and so far as actual conditions of pioneer life were concerned the class of people from whom it was necessary to draw immigrants knew nothing whatever about Canada.

Wheat had to be sent to South Dakota and Indiana to prove to people there that it could be grown in Manitoba. All this is changed. There is hardly any literate person in the world who has not heard of Canada and the name is favorably known everywhere. It is known that Canada is a good country to live in and inhabited by capable, self-respecting and liberty-loving people. As to land: It is not at all true that the free land is exhausted. There is a very great deal of free land yet. There is much fine land in British Columbia and there is the clay belt of Northern Ontario.

## Men for The Clay Belt

I DO NOT understand what people mean by talking about the impossible conditions of settlement in the Clay Belt. The conditions are a good deal easier than they were when my grandfather went with his family on a bush farm in the county of Middlesex and started to clear it. Of course, it is necessary to find settlers who are adapted to forest land, but they can be got if proper efforts are made. I have a very emphatic opinion, based on the observation of something like thirty years, about the class of settlers that are not wanted in Canada. It is said there are millions of town dwellers, artisans, small shopkeepers, laborers and so forth on the continent of Europe who are anxious to come to Canada. Everyone will sympathize with their condition and desire that they should find a place where they will lead a happier life; but we do not want them in Canada under any conditions whatever. These people are essentially town dwellers. They have no idea in the world of going out in a country like Canada and fighting the battle of the pioneer. If they come here they will swell the ranks of the unemployed; they will create slums; they will never go upon the land; they will never add anything to the production of the country and we shall have an insoluble problem and festering sore upon our hands, which, if the experience of the past is any guide, will remain as long as Canada endures.

THERE is talk, also, about getting a large number of people from the manufacturing towns of England and Scotland. We do not want mechanics from the Clyde—riotous, turbulent, and with an insatiable appetite for whiskey. We do not want artisans from the southern towns of England who know absolutely nothing

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# —THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. MCCARTHY

THE coming of the stranger was remarked, as such things always are in a small town. The station agent noticed him, when he got off the train;

the bus driver who bore him up the hill to the Johnson House gave the man more than his share of attention; and at the hotel itself the clerk watched him with an eye unusually keen while the newcomer registered.

It is difficult to put a finger upon the quality in the man which thus attracted their attention. He seemed of middle age; he looked like a decent, gentle, able citizen. His hands were hard, and the skin upon his face and neck was roughened and tanned as though by much exposure to the elements. It was, perhaps, his eyes that puzzled them. They were blue, and calm, yet there was in them a certain controlled sobriety, and a certain candour which suggested that they had looked upon long grief, and found it hard to bear. This expression in a man's eyes is a pitiable thing to see. It awakened a kindly feeling toward this stranger, in those whom he encountered.

He registered as Joseph Winter, and the clerk assigned him to a room. Next morning he went in a perfectly matter-of-fact fashion to Ripley Howes, who did some small business in real estate, and asked if there were available in the surrounding countryside, any attractive and productive farms. Two days later he departed as he had come; and when he was gone, someone reported that he had bought the old Walden place, west of town. Rip Howes, when he was questioned, confirmed this rumor.

"I showed him two-three places," he explained, "and when he came to that, he liked it. That's all. You could see he was a farmer. Walked all around, crumbling up the dirt in his hands and smelling it and asking questions. Asked the price, and when I told him, said he'd take it. That's the whole business."

Mrs. Howes asked Rip that evening: "Did you tell him about the place?"

Rip shook his head, something like guilt in his tone. "I don't know as it was my business to tell him unless he asked," he replied. "I sort of hated not to. I kind of liked the man. But he didn't ask, and it was my business to sell it if I could."

She was darning socks; and: "What's he like, anyhow?" she asked, threading her needle afresh.

Rip was an inarticulate man. "Why, all right, I guess," he replied. "There's something funny about him, of course. Sort of a look in his face as though he'd had a hard time. Reminded me of the way old Dave Jones looked, after he'd been sick with that cancer for so long. Don't talk much about himself, either."

"Where's he from?" she asked; and her husband shook his head.

"I asked him," he admitted. "He said he'd been sort of moving around. Acted like he didn't want to tell anything about it."

His wife tossed her head. "Well, if I had a secret I was ashamed of, I wouldn't want to live in that old Walden house," she declared, and Rip nodded in sober assent. "That's what they say," he agreed.

It was three weeks before Winter came to Hamilton again. Came first in a nondescript automobile, loaded with household goods; made himself at home in the Wal-



Mary Winsor caught the look in his eyes; and she shook sadly away from him, and flushed scarlet, and began to pluck the wet folds of her skirts from her limbs.

den house; busied himself there for a day or two before he drove away. When he returned this time, it was with a woman and two children in the car. A boy perhaps fifteen years old; a girl a little younger. Dave Pool was the first man to see the woman face to face: he had stopped at the farm to deliver meat from his store. "Looks like a right nice woman," was his judgment.

And this became, in the succeeding weeks, the verdict of the town. There was a dignity about Winter which held them at a distance; but his wife was a friendly and appealing soul, and the neighbor women liked her from the beginning.

HAMILTON is one of those middle-Western communities, on the border line between the status of town and the status of city, in which lies so much of the strength of the land. Just a town of four or five thousand people, with rich farms in the surrounding country side, some coal and iron in the hills, and good orchard land upon the hill tops. No better and no worse than other towns, large or small. The great difference between a little town and a big town is that in a little town people are interested in each other, and in a big town, people are not. In New York, you do not know the name of your neighbor, unless you have noticed it upon the card above the bell at the door; in a small town, you know—or wish to know—the intimate affairs of every family within a score of miles. Winter and his family would have excited no comment in a larger community. In Hamilton, people wondered, and people talked.

They were the more interesting because of the reputation of the farm which they had bought. The old Walden house stood upon a hilltop at the town's western border, just beyond the corporation line. It was in some degree a landmark. A large, square house, completely unadorned, and with a barn and an outbuilding or two in the rear. Along the driveway that led down the hill to the road, and about the house itself, old Enoch Walden had planted cedar trees which had now a goodly growth. These trees were black against the sky; they cloaked the house so closely as to give it a certain atmosphere of mystery and

gloom that had given it an evil reputation in the neighborhood.

In most communities there is some one house about which stories linger. It was so with the Walden farm in Hamilton. It was one of those spots upon which God seems to keep a watchful eye; one of those places where at times you may almost see His finger stirring in the affairs of men. At the least excuse, the place would have been called haunted. There were many little matters that gave it this repute, that made men say it was under the hand of God; but two circumstances were particularly striking.

The first had to do with old Enoch Walden's only son. Jim Walden was his name. A cruel man. He had married him a wife and brought the girl home to dwell in the house among the cedars. This wife bore him a son; and at times, when she had displeased him, it tickled his fancy to abuse the boy. On one such occasion, the child's mother, driven frantic by the baby's cries, cursed Jim Walden, rent and branch, and called on God to destroy him.

Her husband laughed at her—and went out to chop wood. He was an expert axeman; yet at his first stroke, his axe on the downward swing struck an overhanging branch of the cedar tree beside the woodpile and was so cunningly diverted that the blade entered his head above the ear and split his skull almost to the chin. And the story of his wife's curse went abroad....

Old Enoch Walden himself had furnished the other circumstance. Enoch had amassed more than his share of worldly goods, and vaunted himself upon this fact. His arrogance irked his neighbors. One day a man who owed him money came to beg delay in the day of payment, and Enoch would not yield to him. The man cried weakly: "I'd like to see you hard up once. You'd see what it was like, then."

And Enoch said, in the shrill, high voice that was his habit: "I'd like to see God Almighty get my money away from me."

Whether or no the Almighty had a hand in the matter, old Enoch died, some eight years later, in the county poor farm; and the Walden farm became a place the very name of which possessed an ugly fascination. Since Enoch's death, a dozen years before, ill luck had pursued those who dwelt in the house he had built; it had passed through five separate pairs of hands before it came at length into those of Joseph Winter, and new legends had grown up about it. Most people in Hamilton were ready to concede that God seemed to take a hand in the affairs of dwellers there. The house had acquired a personality. Men spoke of it with awe.

A STRANGER in a small town is always an object of curiosity; and when that stranger buys a farm and brings his family to live upon that farm, the curiosity is intensified. Even if this had not been true, Winter was a man to inspire questionings; those he met desired to solve the puzzle that lay behind his grief-worn eyes. And almost at once it became clear that there was a mystery in Winter.

He had registered at the hotel as from Toledo. Yet Mrs. Winter one day spoke casually of "Richmond, where we used to live." And the children, who came to town



to school, said they had gone to school before in Salem, Illinois. Hamilton folk as a whole hesitated to question Mrs. Winter. She was a pleasant, comely woman with a countenance upon which some hidden trouble had laid its hand. When she smiled, she was beautiful; but when she was unsmiling, there was a sombre shadow in her eyes. She was cordial to those who came to see her, yet there was always a reserve in her bearing which forbade too open chitchat.

Winter himself pleasantly evaded the indirect inquiries of his neighbors. No man questioned him directly—save one.

This questioner was Thacher Eades, one of those officious men whom you will find in every small town, and who take upon their own shoulders the moral welfare and the material concerns of their neighbors. Eades liked to think of himself as a pillar of righteousness; he was an elder of the church which Winter and his family from the first attended; and he was accustomed to pre-empt some of the social duties of the minister. Thus, encountering Winter on the street before Charlie Steele's store one day, he said to the man:

"We're mighty glad to have you in our congregation, Mr. Winter. It is pleasant to have a new companion in the worship of our Lord."

Winter hesitated for a moment before replying; and he eyed the other with some of that instinctive antagonism a stranger may arouse. "Why—that's nice of you, sir," he said guardedly.

There may have been a suggestion of the softened syllables of the South in his slow tones; because Eades remarked: "You speak like a southerner," and Winter nodded. "I guess I do," he agreed.

Eades had a smooth and oily tongue. "Then that was not your home?" he suggested.

"Why I've called a good many places 'home,'" Winter told him reluctantly.

A certain gleam came into the other's eye; yet still he clung to indirection. "We've been hoping you would present your letters and become an active member of the congregation," he said. "There is a glorious sense of unity in being one of a group of Christian men and women joined together for the worship of God. We should be glad to welcome you."

Winter shook his head. "I've always found I could go to church without a ticket," he replied. "Do you run things different, here?"

Eades was becoming angry. He was a man not used to being put off; he was, besides, a man inordinately curious. The mystery in Winter seemed to him an affront; and Winter's insistence on keeping his secret, an insult. He harshly demanded:

"Have you been a church member elsewhere?"

Winter flushed a little, slowly; yet always his tone was even and controlled. "This is getting to sound like you were cross-examining me, Mr. Eades," he said.

"I am an elder of the church," said Thacher Eades severely. "Our minister is still a young man. It is a part of my duties to hold up his hands, and to protect our congregation. Hamilton is a small town. We don't like riddles, and there's a riddle about you. No one knows where you come from, nor why; no one is even sure of your name."

"You know my name," Winter told him.

Eades lifted a stern hand. "Perhaps. The rest is mystery."

Winter looked down, studying the backs of his strong hands. Lifted his eyes at last and met those of the other man. "Yes," he said. "That's so. But most people, seeing I wanted to keep something to myself, have been nice enough to let me alone. Nobody's put it as straight as you. I guess nobody else felt they had any business to. I don't know why you think it is your concern. I don't aim to be mulish, Mr. Eades. But—where I've lived, and what I've done is my own affair. No need of anyone knowing. And I don't aim to tell."

There was a bleak finality in his tone which whipped to passionate anger the curiosity in Thacher Eades. He flung up both hands, said in an oracular voice: "People in Hamilton believe the old Walden house is a bad place for a man to dwell, who is not at peace with God."

And Winter answered steadily: "There are a lot of things I'd rather men didn't know; but I've no reason to be afraid of God." So turned and walked away and left him there.

IT IS necessary, though the task be unpleasant, to become somewhat better acquainted with Thacher Eades; for the thing was to come to an issue between him and Joseph Winter in the end. Eades was not a man who might safely be defied; he accepted Winter's attitude as a defiance, and sought thereafter every opportunity to do him harm.

There can be no question that Eades was a leader in the town; a leader, even though it were by his own election. He spoke or presided at all public meetings; he had a

hand in all well-advertised good causes; he could be as violent as any man in denouncing wrong-doing when all the world agreed with him, and he could find as many palliations as any man for venial and unconsidered little sins. Had led the prohibition forces; was chairman of the local board that censored moving pictures; and when the Smoke House displayed in its windows certain picture post cards bearing the painted representations of impossible bathing girls, it was he who commanded the town mar-

shals to interfere. There are few people who will seek out a quarrel; and for the most part Eades was allowed to go his way unchallenged. The man had come to feel that he bore the morality of the town like a burden upon his shoulders.

Furthermore, men of his ilk hate mysteries, hate riddles, hate anything they cannot understand. So Eades came to hate Joseph Winter; and by the same token, he began to devote his energies to reading the riddle which the newcomer presented.

There is probably no unanswerable question, no mystery that is insoluble; and in due time all secrets have a way of coming to light. There may be exceptions to the rule; but the riddle of Joseph Winter was not to prove one of these exceptions. It was, as a matter of fact, when Eades bent his energies to the task, a puzzle ridiculously easy to solve.

The man wrote to Toledo, since Winter had registered from that city, and found that he was unknown there. He wrote to the pastor of the church in Salem, Illinois. This minister replied that Winter and his wife and children had attended his services. "But I have only occupied the pulpit a matter of months," he added. "I knew him simply as one of the congregation. Not a sociable man. He had a farm outside of town. I never called there. I am told they came to Salem seven or eight years ago from Richmond."

Eades prosecuted his inquiry. From Richmond he got rumors and bits of gossip that made the man wet his lips with eagerness; and in the end he went in person to follow back the line. Followed it to a small town in central Indiana, and there learned all there was to know.

The story of an honest love, and of two tragic lives, and of the long sorrow of a woman and a man. A story fit to win from any man of lofty mind only respect and sympathy; yet it brought to Eades a mean triumph, an unholy exultation, and whetted in him an ugly, hankering curiosity. He took his homeward way, fair bursting with the thing he had discovered; and sought the young minister of the church to drive with him to the old Walden farm.

The young man, as it chanced, was in the country that day, officiating at a wedding. Thacher Eades could not endure delay. He set out, to glut his hate and to sate his incontinent curiosity, alone.

IT WAS a day in September. One of those stiflingly hot days when the air is thick and heavy, surcharged with an irritating and electric force which awaits release.

The sky was unclouded, save in the northwest, where there were thunderheads upon the horizon. Farmers, casting wise eyes in that direction, predicted a shower. "A good thing, too," they said. " 'Twill clear the air."

Thacher Eades drove his little car into the country, and stopped it across the road from the Walden farmhouse, in the shelter of an old oak tree. He went up the avenue between the cedars afoot, and saw Winter's son in the yard, and asked the boy, in a stern voice, where his father was. At the sound, Winter himself came to the side door, spoke to Eades and asked him in.

Eades went into the house, his eyes flickering this way and that, and into the front room that was called a parlor and that was seldom used except upon such occasions as this one was. Joseph Winter followed him in silence, sat down upon a chair. "Mrs. Winter is not at home," he explained. "She's gone over to Will Brown's with May. I told Charlie to go tell her you were here."

Eades spoke solemnly. "You call her 'Mrs. Winter'?" he asked.

The other man looked at him, a quick alarm leaping into his eyes. "Yes."

"Winter," said the elder of the church. "I've come upon an unpleasant errand. You are found out. There is no longer any use in lying." His voice rose triumphantly. "You have lived in sin with that woman for twenty years."

Joseph Winter uttered a low sound that was like the murmur of a man anguished with pain; and his face became as white as snow; and his head drooped a little forward, so that it seemed for a moment he would catch it in his hands. But he said protestingly: "She is my wife."

"Married in February of this year," said Eades implacably; and he licked his lips a little. "Before that you lived in shame with her for twenty years."

There was a little silence, and upon Winter's face it was possible to watch the man's struggle, as he gathered himself and shaped what he would say. When he spoke at last, it was soberly, and almost with relief, as though he were glad to be free of an intolerable burden.

"Your words are hard," he said slowly. "I expect you think they are fair. If I were a hot-tempered man, I should—act hotly. But I have learned to be patient, and still, and to wait."

"I don't know how much you have been told, or why. Probably you know all there is to know. Probably you think you are right in damning me. I'm not sure that you are right though. I think you are wrong."

Eades cried: "Wrong! 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' Winter. You know that commandment."

WINTER shook his head, slowly to and fro. "She had married a man that was no account," he said, as though answering a question. "He was a lawyer, and a keen one. Shrewd. But they hadn't been married very long before he got enough of her. A bloodless man he was, and with an ugly streak in him. And she went away and left him. She had to do that. There was no living with that man."

"He was her husband," said Eades.

"He was a snake," Winter replied evenly, and without any heat at all. "She left him. But he wouldn't let her get clear away. He was cold, and watched himself, and there was no way she could be rid of him. He was a lawyer, you understand, and knew the law, and took care to keep it."

"Maybe you don't believe in divorce. I guess I do. Her marrying this man; it was not her doing. It shouldn't ever have been done. It was one of those times when a girl lets her father and her mother overbear her. In the end she gave in to them; and she tried to be a wife to him."

"But she couldn't. Nobody could have stood what he put her through. The whole town thought she'd have to give it up, a year before she did; and when she did leave him everybody was glad."

"You may know the sort he was, since he wouldn't let her go free. His cruelties to her were not the kind you can put your finger on. She tried to get a divorce, but the judge wouldn't give it to her. And after that this man she had married took care she found no other cause. I said he was cold; cold as a snake. And he knew the law. He used to offer, regularly, to take her home; he used to offer her money she would never take. And watched himself always. . . . A clever man can do it; and he was a clever man."

He fell silent for a little, twisting his heavy hands together helplessly, his eyes fixed upon the floor between his knees. Spoke at last in a tone of wistful tenderness.

"I'd loved her before she married him; and I loved her after she left him. And after a while she came to love me. When we decided what to do, we did it honest as we knew how. There was nothing hidden about it. You've used a hard word or two; but I'm used to hard words. She's been my wife in spirit and in love for twenty years, and I her husband, before he died and let me go with her, and marry."

Eades' small eyes were turning from side to side, with

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## On the Decalogue

Of course you read "Judgment" in the previous issue—one of the most searching pieces of psychological fiction ever written. This story of Eades and Winter and the woman is the second of a series of five by Ben Ames Williams, each based on one of the last five commandments. Each is complete in itself, graphic, purposeful. Don't fail to read the next one, with the eighth commandment as the theme. It is an unusual interpretation. These stories are being used as texts by ministers throughout Canada. Every one is a sermon—plus a compelling, absorbing tale.



# Can We Bear Our Tax Burdens?

By JOHN A. STEVENSON

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE



Mr. Fielding probably will face an "overdraft" of a paltry \$50,000,000.

taxation \$50 per head, as the population of Canada at the present time, taking last year's census figures, is just over eight and three-quarter millions.

## Better Off than U.S.?

PRIOR to the war the problem of finding sufficient revenue to meet the expanding needs of modern states brought the question of taxation into a position of acute prominence in most civilized countries. When Mr. Lloyd George in 1909 introduced his great controversial budget which only attempted to raise 200 million pounds, so experienced a statesman as Lord Rosebery described it as the end of all things, little foreseeing that he would live to see a British chancellor take five times as much from the British taxpayer.

Here in Canada our lot was even more fortunate. We had a very meagre expenditure on armaments, and social reform schemes had not come into existence. In our federal budget a comfortable surplus was an almost annual occurrence, and in 1904 we find Mr. Fielding welcoming the Grand Trunk Pacific as a means of absorbing the surplus of thirteen million dollars with which he was burdened! Customs and excise were practically sufficient in themselves to provide an ample revenue, and the suggestion that other sources should be explored was rudely scorned.

But the situation is now completely changed. The war brought a burdensome legacy of indebtedness and created large demands for expenditure on reconstruction projects with the result that new sources of revenue have had to be tapped, one after another, and the problem of taxation comes home to-day with bitter insistence to every citizen in the land. From Halifax to Vancouver an increasing murmur goes up about the dead weight of taxation which we are now called to bear and the strain is telling acutely on many nerves. Six weeks ago the citizens of Winnipeg were roused to wrath and mass meetings by the proposal of the provincial treasurer to levy a local income tax at half the rate of the federal tax. Under such circumstances an examination of the exact taxation situation and its possibilities cannot be inopportune.

## Is Taxation Burden too Onerous?

TAXATION is an active and constant part of our whole social structure. If it can be planned in such fashion that its incidence lies mainly upon fortuitous and accidental gains, it will interfere little with the plans of individuals and business firms and at the same time enable the government to secure the revenue necessary for the accomplishment of its ventures without undue interference with industrial progress. If, on the other hand, its incidence is so distributed as to dry up the well-springs of capital and act as a cog on the wheels of industry, it may put an effective check to healthy natural development. Whether in our present system of taxation we have an instrument of this nature or whether there are really onerous levies which depress industry is exactly the most important question of public finance now before the Canadian people.

In the first place some data in the nature of stocktaking should be available as a basis of any calculation. R. H. Coats, the able head of the Federal Bureau of Statistics,

THE best standard of comparison of our lot is with our neighbours, the United States, whose annual income is estimated at \$620 per capita. In 1920 competent authorities estimated that federal taxes took about eight per cent. of the annual income of the United States and imposed practically the same burden per head, namely \$50. But our federal taxation last year amounted to only 6.2 per cent. of the national income.

If our burden is slightly lighter than that of our neighbours, it is infinitely easier than the tax load of Britain or France. The taxes levied by the British Government in 1920 took about 23 per cent. of the national income, which was then estimated at \$435 per head and this year, owing to the shrinkage of values and business, the same total of taxes will require no less than 32 per cent. of the national income. The leading bankers and captains of industry in Britain maintain with one accord that such a proportion, unless abated, spells commercial ruin, especially when the greater bulk of the taxation is expended on unproductive ends like payment of debt interest, pensions, civil administration, etc., and only a small fraction is devoted to constructive purposes.

In 1907 Great Britain required 8.5 per cent. of her income for governmental purposes but this year they will absorb four times as much. In 1907, 33 per cent. of the national income was spent on food and drink but in 1920 this had risen to 40.9 per cent. The result is that whereas 8.3 per cent. of her national income went in 1907 for depreciation and maintenance of existing capital and another 15.4 per cent. for new capital both at home and abroad, in 1920 there was available for both these purposes only 5.4 per cent. of the national income. In the light of these figures Canada may consider herself a happily situated country from the financial point of view.

## The Provincial Load

BUT our Federal taxes constitute only a proportion of our taxation

burdens. In 1919 the nine provincial governments raised among them revenues which totalled \$77,765,955 and in the present year their requirements are estimated at about ninety million dollars or a little more than \$10 per head of the population. The figures of ordinary municipal taxation are difficult to ascertain but a rough calculation is possible. The cities with a population in excess of 10,000, who in 1919 held almost exactly one-third of our total population, raised for their local revenues \$136,515,264, and in 1921, allowing for an increase of 10 per cent., which has been common, they would require \$150,000,000. Now taxation in the small towns, villages and rural districts is, generally speaking, on a lower scale than the cities, but the ratio might be taken at two-thirds. There would thus be raised from the population which lives outside the larger towns and cities, \$200,000,000. The rough annual total of taxation required to meet all current obligations can now be estimated:

|                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Federal taxation    | \$435,000,000 |
| Provincial taxation | 90,000,000    |
| Municipal taxation  | 300,000,000   |
|                     | \$875,000,000 |

This shows the taxation burden of the country, all sources of impost being included, at \$100 per head, or taking five as the average family, \$500 per family. It finds confirmation from another source. A few weeks ago the Manitoba Free Press made an interesting estimate of the total tax bill of Manitoba which may be taken as an average province. It is predominantly an agricultural province, but the position of Winnipeg as the gateway of the West gives it a large urban element. The Free Press admitted some difficulties in the calculation, but subject to minor errors worked out the total tax bill of the people of Manitoba at \$57,190,000.

## \$2,500 Debt per Family

THE 1921 census gives the population of the provinces at 613,008 and the annual burden therefore works out at \$93.30 per head. This figure is slightly lower than the estimate procured by the first method, but it offers evidence that the average tax burden of each inhabitant of Canada is somewhere in the vicinity of \$100 per capita. As the Free Press estimate of the annual burden of taxation under the individual is reasonably accurate, its further calculation of the average burden of debt can also be accepted. It finds that the per capita debt of the citizens of Winnipeg is \$605.91 or \$3,029 per family, the amount being reached as follows:

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| The Dominion government per capita debt | \$300.00 |
| The Manitoba government per capita debt | 75.90    |
| The city of Winnipeg per capita debt    | 229.91   |

The per capita debt therefore, including only the federal, provincial and city debts, amounts to \$605.91. The inhabitants of cities have to pay for the many greater conveniences of life which the country people lack and it would therefore be unfair

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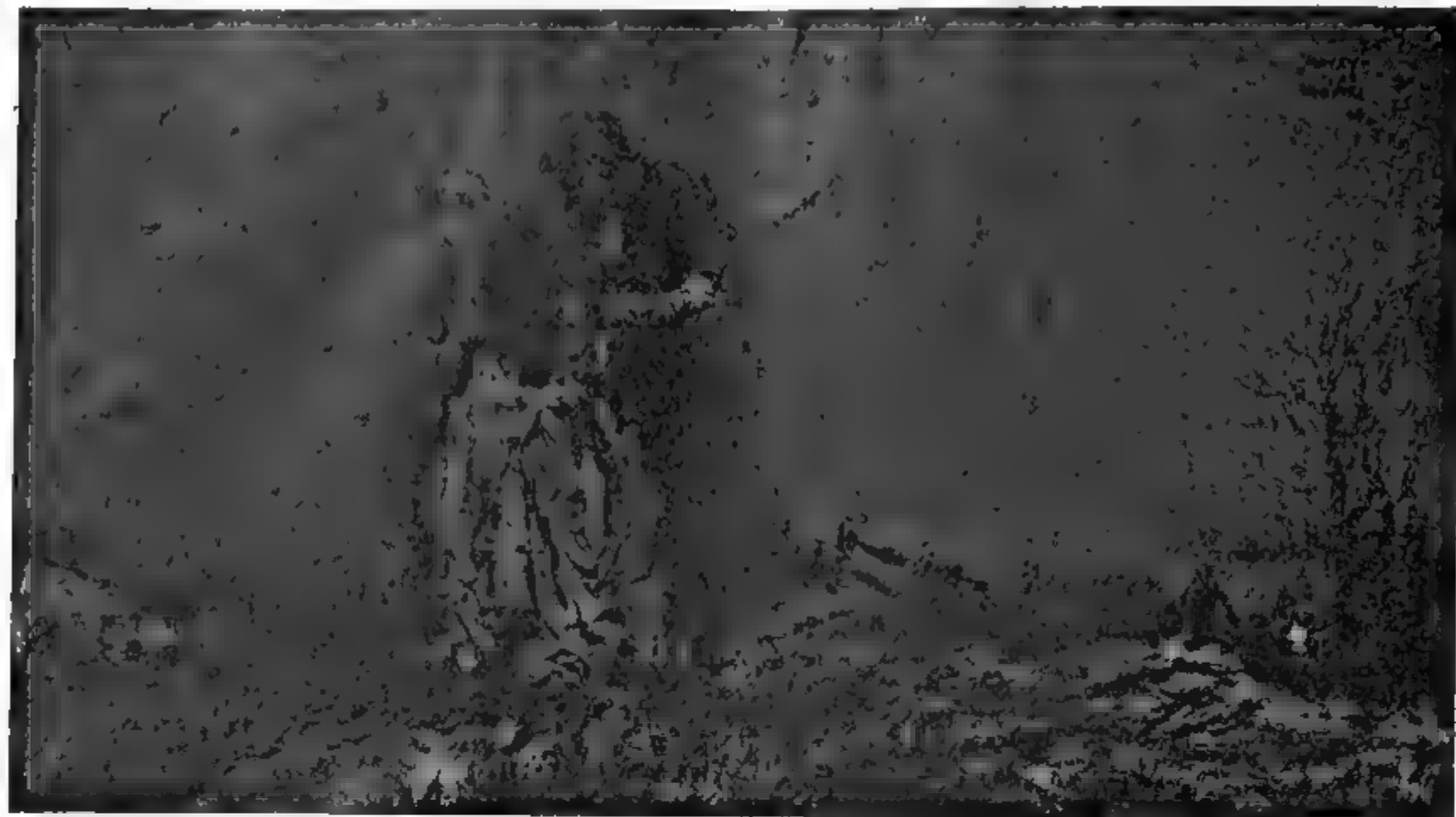


Does the income tax make us a "nation of liars?"









Accompanied by a maid she crossed the dark fields. She urged that marriage, travelling and buying, to her heart.

ACCORDINGLY a week later, discarding the Tilbury and smart man-servant that he had lately set up, Ovington rode over to Garth, considering as he journeyed the man whom he was going to meet and of whom, in spite of his self-assurance, he stood in some awe.

Round Aldersbury were larger landowners and richer men than the Squire. But his family and his name were old, and by virtue of long possession he stood high among the gentry of the County. He had succeeded at twenty-two to a property neglected and loaded with debt, and his father's friends, thus was far back in the old King's reign, had advised him to sell, let him keep the house and the home-farm and pay his debts with the rest. But pride of race was strong in him; he had seen that to sell was to lower the position which his forefathers had held, and he had refused. Instead he had set himself to free the estate, and he had pared, he had pinched, he had almost starved himself and others. He had become a by-word for parsimony. In the end, having benefited much by enclosures in the 'thirties, he had succeeded. But no sooner had he deposited in the bank the money to pay off the last charge than the loss of his only son had darkened his success. He had married again; he was by this time past middle age—but only a daughter had come of the marriage.

Withal he was a great amateur—a Tory of the Tories. Manufacturers and traders he hated and distrusted, and of late jealousy had been added to hatred and distrust. He was narrow, choicely proud, miserly; he had been known to carry an old log a hundred yards to add it to his woodpile, and to travel a league to look for a lost sixpence. But he was honest and he was just. And presently it began to be noticed that the parish was better off than its neighbours. He was a tyrant, but he was a just tyrant. Such was the man whom Ovington was going to meet, and from whose advice he hoped much. He had made his market of it once, for it was by playing on it that he had lured the Squire from Dean's, and so had gained one of his dearest triumphs over the old Aldersbury House.

The Squire at this juncture passed through the yard, stalked into the house and passing through it went out by the front door. He intended to turn right hand and enter the high terraced garden facing south in which he was wont to take even in winter a few turns of a morning. But something caught his eye and he paused. What was it? He muttered, and shading his eyes made out a moment later that the stranger was Ovington. A visit from him

## OVINGTON'S BANK

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN  
ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

was rare enough to be a portent, and the figure of his bank balance passed through the Squire's mind. Had he been rash? Ovington's was a new concern, was anything wrong? The Squire met his visitor at the gate and raising his voice shouted for Thomas. "I am sorry to trespass on you so early," Ovington said as he dismounted. "A little matter of business, Mr. Griffin, if I may trouble you." The old man did not say that it was no trespass, but he stood aside punctiliously for the other to precede him through the gate. Then, "A glass of Madeira!"

### 1822 Hit Your Grandfather

—or great-grandfather, just such a surprise blow as 1921 and 1922 have hit many of us to-day. Don't miss this amazing story, which began in the March 16 issue, but which can be easily started to-day, after you read the synopsis on the next page.

In 1822 the world was recovering from the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, the business tide was turning, just like we believe it is turning to-day. England had resumed gold payments, speculation was rife, new industries had bloomed and withered and others were germinating. Private banks were promising investors 25 and 30 per cent. on their money. "Rash" promoters were prophesying that ere long steam engines would be pulling a fifteen-ton "goods" train at the astounding speed of two miles an hour!

Amazing analogies, interesting and romantic, valuable as historical parallels, showing how our ancestors coped in 1822 with the problems we are facing in 1922, are depicted in this fascinating serial.

"Nothing, Squire, I thank you. My business will not take long."

By this time they stood in the room in which the Squire lived and did his business. He pointed courteously to a chair.

"I shouldn't trouble you, Mr. Griffin," began Ovington, sitting back with an assumption of ease, while the Squire from his old leather chair observed him warily, "except on a matter of importance. You will have heard that there is a scheme on foot to increase the value of the woolen industry by introducing a steam railroad, it is a new invention which, I admit, has not yet been proved. But I have examined it as a business man, and I think that much may be expected from it. A limited company is being formed to carry out the plan, if it prove to be feasible. Sir Charles Woosham has agreed to be Chairman, Mr. Achery and other gentlemen of the County are taking part, and I am commissioned by them to approach you. I have the plans here—"

"What do you want?" The Squire's tone was uncompromising. He made no movement towards taking the plans.

"If you will allow me to explain?"

The old man sat back in his chair.

"The railroad will be a continuation of the Birmingham and Aldersbury railroad, which is a strong band at Birmingham. Such a scheme would be too large for us. That again is a continuation of the London & Birmingham railroad."

"Built?"

"Oh, no. Not yet, of course."

"Began, then?"

"No, but—"

"Projected?"

"Precisely, projected, the plans approved, the Bill in preparation."

"But nothing done?"

"Nothing actually done as yet," the banker admitted, somewhat dashed. "But if we wait until these works are finished we shall find ourselves anticipated."

"Ah!"

"We wish, therefore, to be early in the field. Much has appeared in the papers about this mode of transport, and you are doubtless familiar with it. I have myself enquired into it and the opinion of financial men in London is that these railroads will be very lucrative, paying dividends of from ten to twenty-five per cent."

The Squire raised his eyebrows.

"I have the plans here," the banker continued, once more producing them. "Our road runs over the land of six small owners, who have all agreed to the terms offered. It then enters on the Woosham outlying property and thence, before reaching Mr. Achery's, proceeds over the Garth estate, serving your mills, the tenant of one of which joins our board. If you will look at the plans?" Again Ovington held them out.

But the old man put them aside. "I don't want to see them," he said.

"But, Squire, if you would kindly glance—"

"I don't want to see them. What do you want?"

Ovington paused to consider the most favourable light in which he could place the matter. "First, Mr. Griffin, your presence on the Board. We attach the highest importance to that. Secondly, a way-leave over your land for which the Company will pay—pay most handsomely, although the value added to your mills will far exceed the immediate profit."

"You want to carry your railroad over Garth?"

"Yes."

"Not a yard?" The old man tapped the table before him. "Not a foot!"

"But our terms—if you would allow me to explain them?"

"I don't want to hear them. I am not going to sell my birthright, whatever they are. You don't understand me. Well, you can understand this." And abruptly the Squire sat up. "I'll have none of your dirty smoking, stinking steam-waggons on my land in my time! Oh, I've read about them in more places than the papers, sir, and I'll not sell my birthright and my people's birthright of clean air and clean water and clean soil for any mess of pottage you can offer! That's my answer, Mr. Ovington."

"But the railroad will not come within a mile of Garth."

"It will not come on to my land! I am not blind, sir. Suppose you succeed. Suppose you drive the mails and coaches and the stage-waggons off the road. Where shall I sell my coach-horses and hackneys and my tenants their heavy wags? And their corn and their beans? No, by gad," stopping Ovington who wished to interrupt him. "You may delude some of my neighbours, sir, and you may know more about money-making, where it is no question how the money is made, than I do! But I'll see that you don't delude me! A pack of navigators upsetting the country, idling game and robbing hen-roosts, raising wages and teaching honest folks tricks! Not here! If Woosham knew his own business, and Achery were not up to his neck in debt, they'd not let themselves be led by the nose by—"

"By whom, sir?" Ovington was on his feet by this time, his eyes smouldering, his face paler than usual. They confronted one another. It was the meeting, the collision of two powers, of two worlds, the old and the new.

"By whom, sir?" the Squire replied sternly. "He too had risen. 'By one whose interests and breeding were wholly different from theirs and who looks at things from another standpoint! That's by whom, sir. And one word more, Mr. Ovington. You have the name of being a clever man and I never doubted it until to-day. But have a care that you are not over clever, sir. Have a care that you do not lead your friends and yourself into more trouble than you think for! I read the papers and I see that everybody is to grow rich between Saturday and Monday. Well, I don't know as much about money business as you do, but I am an old man, and I have never seen a time when everybody grew rich and nobody was the loser."

Ovington had controlled himself well, and he still controlled himself, but there was a dangerous light in his eyes. "I am sorry," he said, "that you can give me no better answer, Mr. Griffin. We hoped to have, and we set some value on your support. But there are of course other ways."

"You may take your railroad any way you like, so long as you don't bring it over Garth."

"I don't mean that. If the railroad is made at all it must pass over Garth—the property stretches across the valley. But the Bill, when presented, will contain the same powers which are given in the later Canal Acts—a single proprietor cannot be allowed to stand in the way

of the public interests, you must know that Mr. Griffin."

"You mean by gad, sir," the Squire broke out, "you mean, do you, that you will take my land whether I will or no?"

"I am not using any threat."

**WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR** Ovington an aggressive banker of Aldersbury, returns from a business trip to London and promotes in his home town a joint stock company to be known as the Valleys Steam Railroad Company. In that year—1823 business was commencing to recover from the depression that followed the Napoleonic wars. Ovington foresaw coming commercial expansion, through steam railways. Ovington faces two important problems, the one being his son, Clement, who dislikes the bank, and the other, Squire Griffin, who detests trade, over whose estates the new fourteen-mile railroad must go. Ovington plans to win the Squire's favor through the latter's nephew, Arthur Bourdillon, Ovington's right-hand man at the bank, who has been made secretary of the new railway company. The Squire, however, has ordered his daughter to have nothing to do with Bourdillon.



harbour spite, but as he rode homeward and turned a plan which he had already considered, put on a new aspect and by-and-by his brow relaxed and he smote his thigh something tickled him and he laughed. He thought that he saw a way to avenge himself and to annoy his enemy and by the time he reached the bank he was himself again.

The tide of speculation was still rising and even in Aldersbury had reached many a back-parlour where the old stock was scarcely out of date. Thousands sold their three per cents and the proceeds had to go somewhere, and

other proceeds for behind all there was real prosperity in the country. Men's money poured first into a higher and then into a lower grade of security and roused each in turn, so that fortunes were made with astonishing speed. The banks gave extended credit, everything rose.

The more venturesome hazarded their money afar, buying shares in Steamship Companies in the West Indies, in Diamond Mines in Brazil or in Cattle Companies in Mexico. The more prudent preferred undertakings which they could see and which their limited horizon could compass, and to these such a local scheme as the Valleys Railroad held out a tempting bait. They knew nothing about a railroad, but they knew that steam had been applied to ocean travel, and they knew Aldersbury and the woolen district.

One of Ovington's waylayers wished to know if the limit at which he had been advised to sell an investment was likely to be reached. "I sold on Saturday," the banker answered, "two pounds above your limit, Davies. The money will be in the bank in a week." He spoke with Napoleonic curtness, and rode on leaving the man, amazed and jubilant, to calculate his gains.

The next wanted advice. He had a hundred in hand if Mr. Ovington would not think it too small. "Call to-morrow—no, Thursday," Ovington said, hardly looking at him. "I'll see you then."

The third ran bare-headed out of a shop. He was a man of more weight, Furslow, the big draper in Bride Hill, who had been twice Mayor of Aldersbury, a tradesman, bald and sleek, whom fortune had raised so rapidly that old subservience was continually at odds with new importance. "Just a word, Mr. Ovington," he stammered, "a word, sir, by your leave. I'm a good customer." He had not laid aside his black apron but merely twisted it round his waist, a sure sign in these days of his greatness that he was flattered.

The banker nodded. "None better, Furslow," he answered. "What is it?"

"What I says, then—excuse me—is, if Grounds why not me? Why not me, sir?"

"I don't quite—"

"If he's to be on the Board, be and his mash-tube."

"Oh!" The banker looked grave. "You are thinking of the railroad Mr. Furslow?"

"To be sure? What else?"—excuse me. And what I say is, if Grounds why not me? I've been mayor twice and him not even in the Council! And I'm not a pauper as none knows better than you, Mr. Ovington. If it's only that I'm a tradesman why then ought to be a tradesman on it and I'll be bound as many will follow my lead as Grounds."

"Well! I'll hear it in round. I can say no more than that," Ovington returned. "I must consult Sir Charles. It's a respectable position, Furslow. And of course where there are large profits as we know there may be, there is a risk. There must be some risk. Don't forget that. Still—touching up his horse with



Ovington had controlled himself well, and he still controlled himself, but there was a dangerous light in his eyes. As he turned toward the Squire.





"I saw," she smiled faintly. "But it was horrible! Horribly horrible! It was

smoke stream in the moment when I lost sight of you in the smoke and thought that I had killed you. It was horrible! Horrible!"

He covered his eyes. It will come back to me often.

The smoke

the girl and for a long extended, a statement of such agency as he had

never known.



The smoke hit the girl and for a long moment, a moment of such agony as he had never known.

**B**ETWEEN the village and Gath the  
valley sank gently to rise again to  
the ring of benches which marked the  
range. On the farther side the ground  
fell more sharply into the narrow valley

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## Howling From Sheer Hunger

Terrible Perceptions Encountered by Men and Dogs Hunting Alaskan Caribou

MICHAEL H. MASON

It is a hard game out of a fall of snow and a hard game out of a winter of ice. As Sol was hunting the dogs next morning he cried out to Joe.

Look Joe! Tchadire feel good!

Indeed, Tchadire (Black Bear) the white leader, was pulling on his chain towards the lead harness, waving his white tail in obvious anticipation of

something good. So at last there was hope! And this time at right! Sol

and Joe, putting on his

and Joe, putting on his

He looked back down the creek, the white dog following close, his tail in the air for the first time for a week.

But Joe had not much hope. He thought they would have to kill their dogs one by one and eat them till they could get back to Fort Yukon. They would be lucky to get back even at that rate. As he walked slowly down through the alternate soft snow, hard crust and glare ice of the rocky creek, Joe thought of many things.

His thoughts wandered again, and he saw a vision of glorious brown eyes and hair curved red lips and

Back to earth at a shout from Sol.

"Joe! Joe! Look! Look at the caribou!"

On the skyline of a hill, some four miles away, stood a band of caribou, looking back. Then they laughed and chattered and sprang forward with a lighter step, for they had found the caribou, found the meat which is the fuel of life.

They stopped and built camp, laying the fire without lighting it, then both men put on their big hunting snow-shoes, and started along the trail after the deer. Within half an hour they could see them, on a bare mountain-side a mile further on. After a careful stalk they got within about 250 yards.

The caribou were pawing at the pockets of soft snow between the ridges to get at their food, the moss below.

Joe took steady aim from his knees and brought down the biggest bull with a soft-nosed bullet in the shoulder.

As the caribou stood momentarily bewildered at the collapse of their leader, Joe killed a fine barren cow, and Sol, firing about ten shots rapidly, after the manner of his kind, brought down five more animals. For three days the men and their dogs just feasted and slept. Then the hunters went back to their work again, killing in all fifty-one caribou before the week was over. They spent a strenuous time building a huge cache in which to store them.

But on their way back they came upon a starving tribe to whom they gave most of their meat—that is the meat they were carrying with them on their sled. The only hunter in this tribe had broken his rifle and was thus unable to bring down game. So Joe gave him his rifle and a plentiful supply of ammunition.

They were delayed by bad weather in making their way back to Fort Yukon and were once more in danger of starving when a pack of wolves killed a big bull moose near their camp. They took the meat away from the wolves and they and their dogs feasted upon it, the wolves howling in a circle all night as if trying to call down vengeance on the creatures that had taken their food away from them.

Mr. Mason gives a grim description of that night in the wilderness.

"The men butchered the meat, packed it to the bank, and put it up on a cache. They gave their dogs a huge chunk apiece and fed full themselves, having built their camp alongside the cache.

"When darkness came the four plundered plunderers lifted their voices in mournful howling. The dogs shivered and whined in terror. The men loosed them, and they cowered round the fire in abject fear of the vengeful fury and long-fanged, powerful jaws of the wild cousins whose meal and awful kill they had usurped.

"This may sound cowardly, but the husky dog is no more a match for a timber wolf than an asthmatic poodle is for a husky. Wolves take great delight in dog-murder. The men fired a few shots into the dark, but they would not be driven from their stolen meat. All night they stayed round the camp making night ghastly with their mournful lamentations. The fire was made to last all night in case the wolves should get hold in the darkness and kill the dogs while the men slept. Tchadire, the old white leader shivering shamelessly, crawled, unmoved into the camp, and squeezed his frightened form against the comforting bulk of Joe's reclining body.

"The howl of the timber wolf, the hunger cry or the cry to the moon, is the wild and most mournful noise in all the wild and mournful northern winter. Beautiful and musical, it is also horrible and tragic. The listening man feels his hair move on the nape of his neck when he first hears it, even in the dim distance.

"But the partners did not trouble about the wolves. Full fed and with a top-heavy load, they pressed on to Fort Yukon, which they reached the following morning."

## Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

COLLECTED BY J. L. S.

The Revised Version—"Say it with moonshine" flowers will come later.—Sydney, N.S., *Record*.

Compensation—Anyway the cold snap will warm the man from spring cleaning.—Nelson, B.C., *News*.

And Yet—Maybe—No, Arethusa, it is not H.G. Wells' "Outing" History." Kingston Ont., *British Whig*.

The Prevailing Fashion—Every day we hear of a Wall Street broker getting broker still. Calgary *Albertan*.

Before and After—The old way used to be to kiss and make up. The modern girl makes up first.—Winnipeg *Tribune*.

And More Active—If half as many street cars ran for folks as folks run for street cars, life would be easier and pleasanter.—Belle-ville Ont., *Intelligencer*.

An Early, Early Christian—An early Christian is defined as the husband who gets up and washes the dishes in the morning.—Lindsay, Ont., *Post*.

That Would be Only Fair—If there is any decency in Ireland she will now reciprocate by making the United States free. Kincardine, Ont., *Review*.

Probably Rightly So—Every proper father is worried that his twelve-year-old son learn the things he knew at the age of twelve.—Stratford Ont., *Beacon*.

True Enough—Princess Bibesco has written a book entitled "I Have Only Myself to Blame." Nothing could be fairer than that.—Quebec *Telegraph*.

Simple Wants—Eggs are cheaper. Now if only one had a stove. And a house to put it in. And the gas turned on one might have a fried egg!—Ottawa *Journal*.

Free Speech—But Not Too Free—After all perhaps the modern kintype is an dangerous to the peace of Europe as the recognized weapons of warfare.—Renfrew, Ont., *Mercury*.

The Simple Pleasure of Main Street—In a small town there isn't much to do except wonder which of the local boys will marry this year's school teachers.—Winnipeg *Free Press*.

Perhaps He Was a Director—With two neutral elbows on his shoulders and three rats sticking in his ribs, many a man on a street car wonders what the poet saw in one crowded hour of glorious life.—Toronto *Telegram*.

Advice to Motorists—"If they oil not neither do they spin." Kingston, Ont., *British Whig*.

Have you Thought of This?—You can also judge a man by the stenographer he keeps.—Brantford, Ont., *Expositor*.

Our Guess is the Latter—"More Turkish Atrocities." Headline Towels or cigars?—Hamilton, Ont., *Specialist*.

Following the Crowd—"Where are we headed?" asks a scientist. To picture shows mostly.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail*.

Our Human Vanities—Strange, but when a cold snap comes every man wants his thermometer to do its best.—Winnipeg *Tribune*.

Wise Ants—No doubt those ants which the sluggard is told to take as a model for laying up riches are restaur-ants.—Kitchener *Record*.

Now How Can you Help That?—A lot of children see "objectionable movies" because they can't be left at home alone.—Calgary *Albertan*.

But Advice is Cheap—If we had to pay for all the advice we get there would be no money or less advice in circulation.—Oshawa, Ont., *Reformer & Times*.

She's Probably Right Too—In her secret heart, a woman has a very poor opinion of the good taste of the vamp who has designs on her husband.—Nelson, B.C., *News*.

Frail Eggs—"Eggs remain firm at 60 cents," says a newspaper heading. But that is not so bad. It's when they are sixty cents and infirm is what 'gets our goat.' Gananoque, Ont., *Reporter*.

Try Figuring it out with Algebra—Despite the fact that they all look alike goloshes are popular. But when one girl sees another wearing a hat just like hers she wants to throw her away.—Winnipeg *Tribune*.

They're Experts—The haughty guy in the ticket office who gives you your Pullman reservation and the colored attendant in the car, are two individuals to whom berth control is not so much a discussed theory as a daily commonplace.—Toronto *Star*.

Now Isn't This Thoughtful—There is talk of an increase in the price of asbestos. Considering whither a great many men are wending their way every effort should be made to see to it that the price of asbestos is not made prohibitive.—Brockville, Ont., *Recorder*.

### Makes paint look like new

The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, and brings back the bright, fresh clean appearance to painted woodwork.



### Helps the washing-machine

It pays you to use Fels-Naptha in the washing-machine to get the benefit of it. The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before it reaches the machine so that the washing machine starts at work. Then the Fels-Naptha water flushes away all the dirt.



### For fine lace curtains

With no other soap can you wash lace curtains so snowy white and with so little effort as with Fels-Naptha. It soaks the dirt loose and safely makes all filmy fabrics thoroughly clean.



### Takes spots from rugs

How easy and quickly Fels-Naptha cleans and brightens rugs, carpets and draperies. The naphtha dissolves grease, loosens dirt and restores perfect cleanliness.



## The double cleaner for easier housecleaning

Quickly, thoroughly and safely, Fels-Naptha makes everything it touches clean, sweet, sanitary. And a thoroughly clean home means better health for the family.

Because Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and real naphtha, combined by the original Fels-Naptha method, it gives a soap-and-water cleaning and a naphtha cleaning at the same time. That makes it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Begin using Fels-Naptha today.

FREE

If you haven't had an opportunity to prove that Fels-Naptha is a superior soap for the laundry and all household cleaning, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



### Fels-Naptha by the carton

Get a supply for housecleaning in this handy package—ten full size bars of Fels-Naptha neatly packed.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR





If heavier soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory

IF you had your soap made to order, you would say:

"I want my soap to give abundant lather which cleanses thoroughly and rinses at the first touch of clear water.

"It must be mild so as to clean gently; and pure so that constant use of it will not harm anything it touches.

"It should be white, because whiteness is the outward sign of fine ingredients, and fragrant so it will be pleasant to use.

"Make it float, both for convenience and economy."

Then when you could think of no other desirable feature, you would discover that you had enumerated the seven essentials that are combined in Ivory Soap and that make it ideal for the daily bath, toilet, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

IVORY SOAP

99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE  
MADE IN CANADA



## Will 1922 Parallel 1818?

U. S. Authority Prophesies That This Year's Boom is Mere Flash in Pan

ALVIN T. SIMONDS

HOW long will the period extend from the close of the World War until wages and prices definitely turn upward again as they did in 1835 following the Napoleonic Wars?

Alvin T. Simonds, president of the Simonds Manufacturing Company, writing for *Forbes* magazine under the title of "Will Business in 1922 Parallel 1818?" declares it will all depend on the percentage of the world's wealth that was destroyed and consumed during the war period. It would be difficult, he says, to compare the percentage in 1818 with that in 1918, but probably the latter is the larger. "It is also true," writes Mr. Simonds, "that the world of 1922 can produce wealth more rapidly; but that it also consumes wealth much more rapidly must not be forgotten. Each one can estimate for himself whether it will be a shorter or a longer period than it was after the Napoleonic Wars before the world

gets back to the amount of wealth per inhabitant which was in existence before the World War started in 1914.

"Undoubtedly there is a long period of declining wages and declining prices before us. These years, however, may be years of prosperity as people get back to the old virtues of prudence, economy, and thrift and as they learn to cut out extravagances, and in an economic sense, lower their standards of living. In a higher sense the standard may even be a better one for the development of the most desirable human qualities, plain living and high thinking are likely to go together.

"Will the year 1922 repeat the short-lived boom that came in the year 1818? It will, unless the parallel which has existed almost exactly so far is broken. And if the parallel continues further unbroken, 1922 will be followed by about two years of depression."

## Menaced by the Zuyder Zee

Holland Fends Gulf Growing And Plans Now to Drain it

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

HOLLAND must get rid of the Zuyder Zee or the Zuyder Zee will evidently at some distant date have absorbed all of Holland. So Holland has decided that if it is a case of choosing dry land or more sea, she can quite well get along with a little less of the moisture. The Zuyder Zee, which at the time of the Roman conquest was but an inconsequential lake and has since grown into a formidable gulf, will be drained away and its bed turned into farming country. The fisheries on the sea will disappear and the boats which fish in the North Sea will reach the ocean through the Yselmeer. The cost of this colossal drainage scheme will amount to over \$100,000,000. Before the work starts an 18-mile outer dyke will be constructed from the North Holland coast to the Island of Wieringen and from the other side of this island to Piaam on the Frisian coast. The need of such a scheme to end the menace of floods was long ago realized, says the *Review of Reviews*, and as early as 1348 plans for the systematic reclamation of the Zuyder Zee were made. The reclamation of the Zuyder Zee will not, of course, merely result in safeguarding the North of Holland against further floods. It will add to Holland an entire province whose surface will be one-six-

teenth of that of the whole country. The soil will be of the best kind, and a prosperous agricultural population will thrive in a few years where at present only a few fishing smacks are cruising. The Dutch Ministry of Agriculture made some calculations according to which the 394,000 acres of new land will produce each year 163,482 hectolitres of grain, 376,124 hectolitres of vegetables, 121,915 hectolitres of seeds, 2,230,715 hectolitres of onions, 13,865 hectolitres of green fodder, 916,088 tons of beets, and 4,391,047 kilogrammes of flax and hemp.

The question of the ownership of the land has been settled in favor of small holdings. The land will be parcelled out and sold to small owners, special care being taken to prevent accumulation into few hands. In this way during 10 years 10,000 people will settle every year in the Zuyder Zee province.

The works, which will take about 20 years, started during the second half of 1919. The Dutch are a patient people, and they have decided not to overreach themselves in this great enterprise. They have taken great care that only such parts of the Zuyder Zee will be reclaimed as are known to consist of first-class arable soil.

## Get the News in Your Ads.

Former Canadian Explains What Displays Catch The Public Eye

HERBERT N. CASSON

THE cleverest of all advertisements is the one that has been woven into the warp and woof of the news of the day," declares Herbert N. Casson in the seventh of a series of instructive articles on the elements of advertising in *Forbes* magazine. Mr. Casson is editor of *The Efficiency Magazine*, and was formerly a student at the University of Toronto. But how is the advertiser to take advantage of the day's news? Mr. Casson offers a few illustrations:

"It was a superb advertisement, for instance, when Waterman's told the public that the pen that Lloyd George used to sign the Treaty of Peace was a Waterman. It was a perfect advertisement when the Jaeger firm printed a photo of the Australian cricket team all in Jaeger."

"It is seldom that an advertisement can really become part of the news, as in these two instances, but it is often possible to have a headline that has a news flavor in some way."

"To do this is difficult, but it is profitable. It will soon save you fully seventy-five per cent. of your advertising expenses. It will give you the effect of a full page

with only a quarter-page of space. "I once knew a hatter who made his fortune by the use of four-line advertisements—each with a single sentence on the news of the day, and always weaving in a reference to his own product."

"At the end of a year, people looked for his snappy little 'ads.' They talked about them. He became the most famous hatter in a city of 400,000 by the use of small, clever, newsy advertisements."

"We must bear in mind what news is. It is something important or unusual or concerning famous people and places."

"The great basic fact is that a nation is a vast herd of people—thoughtless, indifferent, self-absorbed, happy, and miserable people, who are thinking the same things at the same time."

"The nation lives day by day. It says—'Give us each day our daily gossip,' and if you wish to attract the favorable attention of this herd of people, you must go with it and talk about what it is interested in."

"There is a fortune for the advertiser who can make the best use of this tip—follow the news."

# Exide

MADE IN CANADA  
BATTERIES



## The First Automobile Starting Battery

Not so long ago all automobiles were cranked by hand. The year 1911 saw the first car regularly furnished with electric starting and lighting equipment. It had an Exide Battery. Today millions of cars are Exide equipped.

Not so long ago farms were lighted by kerosene lamps—dim and dangerous. And farm work like pumping, churning, washing, was done by human hands. Now thousands of farms have the modern comfort and economy of electric light and power—and most of such plants have Exide Batteries.

The first automobile battery was made

possible, and the successful farm battery was made possible, through the experience of the manufacturers of Exide in building batteries for every industrial and government purpose since the beginning of the storage battery business. Exides are made in Canada, in England, and in the United States.

The result of this experience is a battery for your car that gives the maximum combination of power, reliability, and long life. You will find it worth while to insist on an Exide. If you have any trouble in getting one, write us or our nearest distributor.

EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

153 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Crawford Battery Co.,  
Limited,  
654 Bloor St.,  
Vancouver, B.C.  
Y. H. Pender,  
214 1/2 Ave. W.,  
Calgary, Alta.  
Lemay Electric Electric,  
Limited,  
2341 St. W.,  
Hamilton, Ont.

F. C. Young, Limited,  
209 Cumberland Ave.,  
Winnipeg, Man.  
The Battery Engineering &  
Supply Co., Limited,  
255 200 Laurier Ave. W.,  
Ottawa, Ont.  
Earle Jones Electric Co.,  
Limited,  
2341 St. W.,  
Hamilton, Ont.

The Universal Battery Co.,  
Limited,  
116-118 King William St.,  
Hamilton, Ont.  
The Auto Electrical Service,  
100 Sherbrooke St. W.,  
Montreal, Que.

G. J. Morgan & Co.,  
Limited,  
43 King Square,  
St. John, N.B.  
G. A. Williams,  
Travelling Representative,  
751 New Bicks Bldg.,  
Montreal, Que.

## THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR





## Canada's Present in Prose and Poetry

The pen perpetuates the peoples and the problems of all periods of history, for it is by the products of the pen that we gain our conception of the past and present.

One of Canada's greatest assets is the richness of her golden mines of poetry and prose. Her authors have won reputation in the world of letters of which she as a nation may well be proud.

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the connecting link between thought and printed page.

Because of the simplicity, the perfection of the mechanism, its even flow and easy smoothness, it is the chosen pen of the writers of today.

There are many styles—for character but only one quality—for satisfaction.

**\$2.50 \$4.50 \$5.00 and Up**

Selection and Service at best stores everywhere

**Waterman Company, Limited.**

179 St. James Street, Montreal

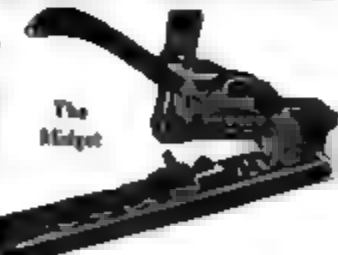
New York  
San Francisco

Boston  
Chicago

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Paris

## Real Economy in the Office

The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Shaping Machines. It is strong and durable. It works fast. It is easy to use. It is the best machine for shaping and binding of all kinds of material. It is the best machine for shaping and binding of all kinds of material. It is the best machine for shaping and binding of all kinds of material.



ERNEST J. SCOTT & CO.  
THE ACME STAPLE CO., LIMITED  
PROCESS TYPEWRITER SUPPLY CO., LIMITED

50 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada  
Canada, N. Y., U. S. A.  
London, Eng.

## The Most Beautiful of all Building Materials

# MILTON BRICK

is made in various colors, rough and smooth, all of which blend into a beautiful effect in the wall. No other brick looks quite as beautiful.

We carry a stock of Pressed and Slug Brick for immediate delivery. Samples on application.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., LIMITED**

Head Office: Milton, Ont. Toronto Office: 44 Adelaide St. West

## Specialize on Your Own Job

LORD BEAVERBROOK

DO NOT despair over initial failure. A new man, more suited to the task, is a certain hope. That is the case with every man. Every man has a certain sphere in the world, and it is his duty to find it. If he cannot find it, he should not despair. He should keep on trying until he finds it. That is the only way to success.

Lord Beaverbrook then advised young men who have failed, or think they have failed in a chosen sphere in life. In an article of high inspirational values in the Sunday Express the noted Canadian-born British journalist declares emphatically there need be no such thing as failure so long as a man has in no way diminished his reputation by dishonorable or criminal actions. His belief is that there are a great many round pegs in square holes, and vice versa.

"If I had to choose one single and celebrated instance of this doctrine I should find it in the career of Lord Reading."

Lord Reading started his career on the Stock Exchange, where he failed utterly. No doubt experience would have brought him a reasonable measure of success, but it was equally clear that this was not the sphere for his pre-eminent abilities.

He therefore broke boldly away and entered at the Bar where his intellect secured him a reputation and an income, especially in commercial cases, which left his competitors divided between admiration and annoyance. In a single year he made 40,000 pounds. The peg had found the round hole. His eminence procured him the Attorney Generalship. Yet with all his ability and his personal popularity he was not a real success in the House of Commons. Parliamentary warfare was not his aptitude. So he became Lord Chief Justice. His great personal character and reputation gave Lord Reading in his new position a certain reputation as a great Lord Chief.

"From my own limited experience I do not agree. I had to watch closely a certain case he was trying, and I did not think Lord Reading was a great judge. He failed to carry the jury with him, the final Court of Appeal ordered a new trial, which resulted in the reversal of the judgment. Such a thing might happen to any judge, but a strong one would have put a prompt end to proceedings which were obviously vexatious and entailed great cost by the delay on defendants who had obviously been dragged improperly into the act on."

But his real opportunity came with his mission to the United States during the war. No ambassador had ever achieved such popularity and influence or brought back such rich treasures with him. As a diplomatist a man of law and a man of business he shone supreme. Once more, since his days at the commercial bar, he had found the real field for his talents.

## The Immigrants Canada Wants

Continued from page 18

about farming. There is nothing in these schemes suggested for educating them and making farmers of them, and then sending them out to fight the battle of the pioneer's life. It is the next thing to a crime to put these men under such conditions. The pioneers have to be of the toughest fibre that can be found. Let no one imagine that you can get people in huge numbers from the towns and make farmers of them. If an attempt is made to do so there will be a worse problem created than that which exists now. I may be told that there are some cases in which mechanics and town people have been successful. The Barr county, for instance. That is quite true. But they were not gathered up by immigration propaganda, spoon-fed and tied into coming to Canada. They were people



## A Garage of your own

It is the most desirable and profitable investment you can make. It is a business in itself. It is a business that is growing rapidly. It is a business that is profitable. It is a business that is profitable. It is a business that is profitable.

## PEDLAR'S METAL CLAD and ALL-STEEL GARAGES

Standard models. Planned details. Modernized plans.

Write for Catalog "B"

**The PEDLAR PEOPLE, Ltd.**  
(Incorporated in Canada)

Representative Offices: Montreal, Que.  
Toronto, Ont.  
Vancouver, B.C.  
Calgary, Alberta  
Edmonton, Alberta  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
Regina, Saskatchewan  
Ottawa, Ontario  
Quebec, Quebec  
Halifax, Nova Scotia  
St. John's, Newfoundland

## KILL THOSE MOTHS



Protect your valuable furs, fashions and woollens from the ravages of the destructive moth, by keeping them in a

## Red Seal Cedar Chest

Cedar Chests are no longer regarded as a luxury, beautiful as they are, but are now known to be a vital necessity in every home. They last for generations. Pay for themselves in what they save. An ideal gift for wedding or birthday.

Write for descriptive folder  
**The H. E. Furniture Co., Ltd.**  
Montreal Ontario



Don't worry.  
Sloan's will fix me up.

"SLOAN'S always keeps me up in a jiffy. A man in a jiffy of Sloan's Liniment and pain and when soon become a memory."—Glad in a telephone call and pain and when soon become a memory.

Made in Canada  
**Sloan's  
Liniment** (Pain  
Remedy)

## Jim Henry's Column

## In Common

It is a curious thought, how different men are in most of their ideas, aspirations and habits, and yet how absolutely alike in others.

For example, tomorrow morning, between the hours of 6.45 and 7.10, about fifteen million men will stand before their mirrors in exactly the same postures, go through the same motions and accomplish about the same results, namely, they will cut down that jungle of ugliness which is everlastingly pushing out from a man's hide and overrunning the attractive contours of his face.

With this one difference. Something over two million men will enjoy the process. The other thirteen million will think thoughts they dare not express unless they are rough and uncouth, and which I cannot even hint at in this public forum.

Now let's get down to cases and be practical and factual about this inevitable process of shaving.

We would all do away with it if women would let us. It takes time, at the best, is a nuisance, and at the worst is awful.

I don't have to tell you whether or not the soap you are using is up to the job. I do tell you that in the opinion of every man who uses it, Mennen Shaving Cream comes closer to making shaving pleasant than any other preparation ever invented.

I tell you that Mennen's exerts a peculiar influence on a beard which transforms its meanness into something approaching benevolence.

I tell you that Mennen's is so non-irritating and so packed with soothing lotions that all you need afterwards is a flick of neutral-toned Mennen Talcum for Men to put you at peace with the world. Our Talcum for Men by the way doesn't show the way white powder does. It is made especially for men, fine for a talcum shower after your bath to protect your skin from irritation, and soothing after a shave.

So buy them both—Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men—and solve this shaving question for good.

**Jim Henry**  
(Mennen Salesman)

**THE MENNEN COMPANY**  
MONTREAL, CANADA



who came themselves, paid their own way, stood in their own line, and inhaled with the breeze, at last to make a home and the truest of the nation in many eyes. The nation needed them. Let us not be misled from this fact that you can get her up tens of thousands of people who have neither any desire for nor capacity to handle the work ahead of them and turn them into farmers. It takes two generalists to convert a town into a rural community, an agricultural one, and it is not easy to be a generalist. Any considerable success except under the pressure of starvation. In any event, I have two generalists to do it. Canada has no time for that. We have no two generalists to spare.

## Not Immigration by Wholesale

I SAW the other day a statement by Col. Dennis, a man for whom I have the highest respect. He is reported to have made the statement that an effort should be made to go out and bring in ten million people to Canada in the next ten years. With respect to this declaration of Col. Dennis I am forced most reluctantly to disagree. I disagree totally and entirely. I think the policy suggested is the first place next to impossible of fulfillment. If I were prime minister I think it would be madness to try it. If the government of Canada and the Canadian railways should combine in one huge system to bring ten million people to Canada in the next ten years, I venture to say now that nearly seven millions of them would be down south of the line at the end of that time.

The problem of immigration cannot be solved that way. It is an individual problem. The task that confronts the immigration service is to find the individual man who wishes to make a home and is determined to do so. If any attempt is made to handle this problem in any other way than as an individual problem, in which success is decided to depend upon hard work and sacrifice, the result will be to produce something like a national catastrophe.

## What We Can Assimilate

I AM of the deliberate opinion that about 500,000 farmers could be actually put on, and in the next ten years by a thorough, systematic and energetic organization backed with a needful legal authority and money. If four are allowed to a family, that would represent two million people actually added to the agricultural population in ten years. Twenty years from now it would represent with natural increase a population of six or seven millions. If that is done then the railway problem is solved and the problem of the payment of the national debt is solved, provided the government ceases to make fresh additions to the debt by extravagant expenditures.

There is the practical question of ways and means. Where and how shall we get these settlers? So far as the United States is concerned I am quite clear in my views as to the methods that should be adopted. The organization which I mentioned in the United States has been carried on ever since in more or less the same shape. It has been most effective and has performed services of a valuable value, but it is getting out of date. In late years there have been a number of United States considerable number of land and colonization companies. They undertake the movement of people from densely populated states to places where the land is unoccupied or where the population is very sparse. These companies are managed by very clever men and they have very able and expert staffs. Their men are highly paid, and their efforts know no conditions in their several states. If I were working for the purpose of getting American settlers into our North West, I should endeavor to work through these organizations.

## A Practical Suggestion

THERE are perhaps twenty-five or thirty million acres of land and fairly available to markets. I think a great deal should be done to get these lands into the hands of interested immigrants and in Canada and proceeding to develop them. It will be obvious, however, that strong measures must be taken to prevent the success of the movement from destroying it. Under normal circumstances the re-



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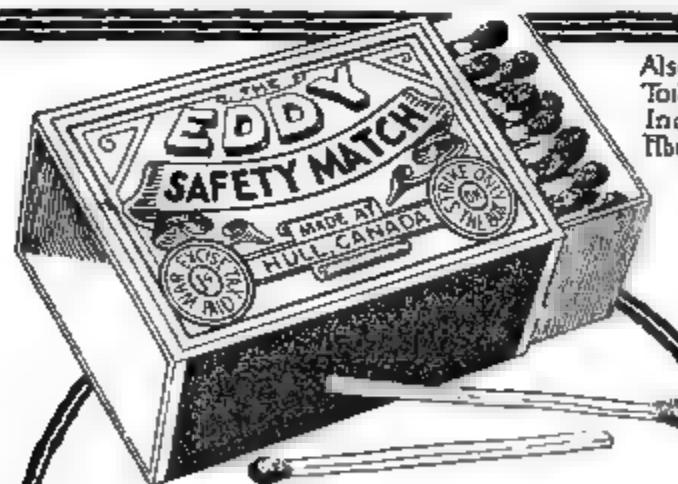
grinding process had to be employed.

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result of one or two years of successful work on the part of these companies in inducing settlement would cause the owners of all the rest of the land to put it up to a prohibitive figure. Some means must be taken to list these available lands at reasonable prices and to prevent prices from being raised to the prejudice of the incoming settler.

I am just as much opposed to interference with the rights of property as anybody else. In fact, I have an almost fanatical opposition to any legislation which interferes with contractual rights. There is, however, a point beyond which no individual can be allowed to trifle with the interests of the State upon the highest ground of law and equity. I would maintain that the government of the Dominion and of the provinces concerned have a perfect right by legislation to take charge of the settlement of this twenty-five or thirty million acres and that there is no legal or moral obligation resting on the country to allow this land to lie idle for the benefit of any speculator. If they will not have the land occupied and put settlers on it, they should be forced to sell at a reasonable price and the land should be made available from time to time for a considerable number of years. To the present price during each year taxes and interest could be added. There would be nothing in the nature of confiscation, the owner would merely be compelled to sell his land at a reasonable price, or occupy it and see that it is properly utilized.

I do not see any other way in which this problem can be handled and I would not hesitate a moment, if I were in charge of

the work, about recommending the necessary legislation.

### Other Sources of Immigration

AS TO the other places from which settlers can be procured, I could turn loose the organization upon the North of England and Scotland. There are some young mechanics in the North of England and Scottish towns who have been born on the land and brought up farmers. Very nearly all of them are willing to emigrate. I would search out individually every one of these men that can be got, as well as farm laborers and the sons of small farmers. I would make most intensive search because experience shows that these men are the very best blood in the world and every one of them that can be procured is an asset to the country.

In Norway Sweden Denmark, Belgium, Bohemia, Hungary and Galicia there are hundreds of thousands of hardy peasants, men of the type above described, farmers for ten or fifteen generations, who are anxious to leave Europe and start life under better conditions in a new country. These men are workers. They have been bred for generations to work from daylight to dark. They have never done anything else and they never expect to do anything else. We have some hundreds of thousands of them in Canada now and they are among our most useful and productive people.

These are the three sources from which I would recommend that immigration be procured. Speaking generally, large schemes of assisted immigration should be discouraged.

## —That Ye Be Not Judged

Continued from page 18

something greedy in them, as though they relished the flavor of this house in which the man and the woman had lived. "Guilty men and women are always quick to find excuse," he said. "But the ancient Word is absolute. 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' He that committeth adultery is devoid of understanding; he doeth it that would destroy his own soul. 'They shall both of them die.' Thus, the Lord told the Jews, should Israel be cleansed."

Winter looked down at his great hands, now lying still across his knees. "Words are easy found," he agreed. "But it's the spirit, not the body, that God meant. That's what I've come to know. Studying it over. Oh, I've thought about it, Mr. Eades, I've read and thought about it all. You and I are grown men. There's no harm in plain talk. I'm not a defiant man. But I say the women who go around the world to-day showing themselves to men, their skirts too high, and their waists too low, I say they're guiltier than Mary and I have ever been, because they raise up the ugliest side of men. And the men that look at them are guiltier too. There's been never any ugliness between Mary and me. Just a decent, loyal love."

EADES had seemed to be listening for some sound without the room. He ignored the other's words. "Do I hear her coming?" he asked. "I want to talk to her."

"I don't hear anything but the thunder," Winter told him. "We're going to have a thunderstorm. She hasn't had time to come yet. And there's no need your hurting her."

"I am an elder of the church," said Eades. "You and this woman have brought your corruption into this community, and I propose to be rid of you. The woman must suffer with the man."

Winter said heavily: "What do you mean by suffering? What do you know about suffering? I've lived with this, sir, for more than twenty years."

"In sin," Eades retorted, and there was something like unction in his tones.

"Have it so, if you want," Winter told him. "But what do you aim to do?"

His inquisitor did not seem quite sure. "The wages of sin is death," he said

regularly. Winter smiled a little, one of his rare smiles. "Those are words," he said. "Anybody can say words, but a little thinking does more good. You're not planning to kill us, I guess."

Eades could no longer sit still. He rose and crossed to a window that looked

toward the road. It was insufferably hot in the closed room. Both men were flushed and sweating. The minister saw that the sky was blackening overhead, and there was a rumble of distant thunder, and after a moment another burst, a little nearer. He could see no one coming along the road from Will Brown's farm. He swung back to face the other man. "There is a judgment upon you, and upon this woman," he said, his voice rising to a higher pitch. "You have sneaked in here, cloaking your coming in mystery, and you did well to seek to hide yourselves. But sin has a way of coming to light. It may be too late for you to atone. But I see no repentance in you, only stubbornness in your crime."

"The crime being that we loved each other before we were married?"

"That you dwelt together in shame, and without shame."

"Before we were married?"

"For twenty years."

"But," said Winter slowly. "We are married now. The sin, by your lights, is done."

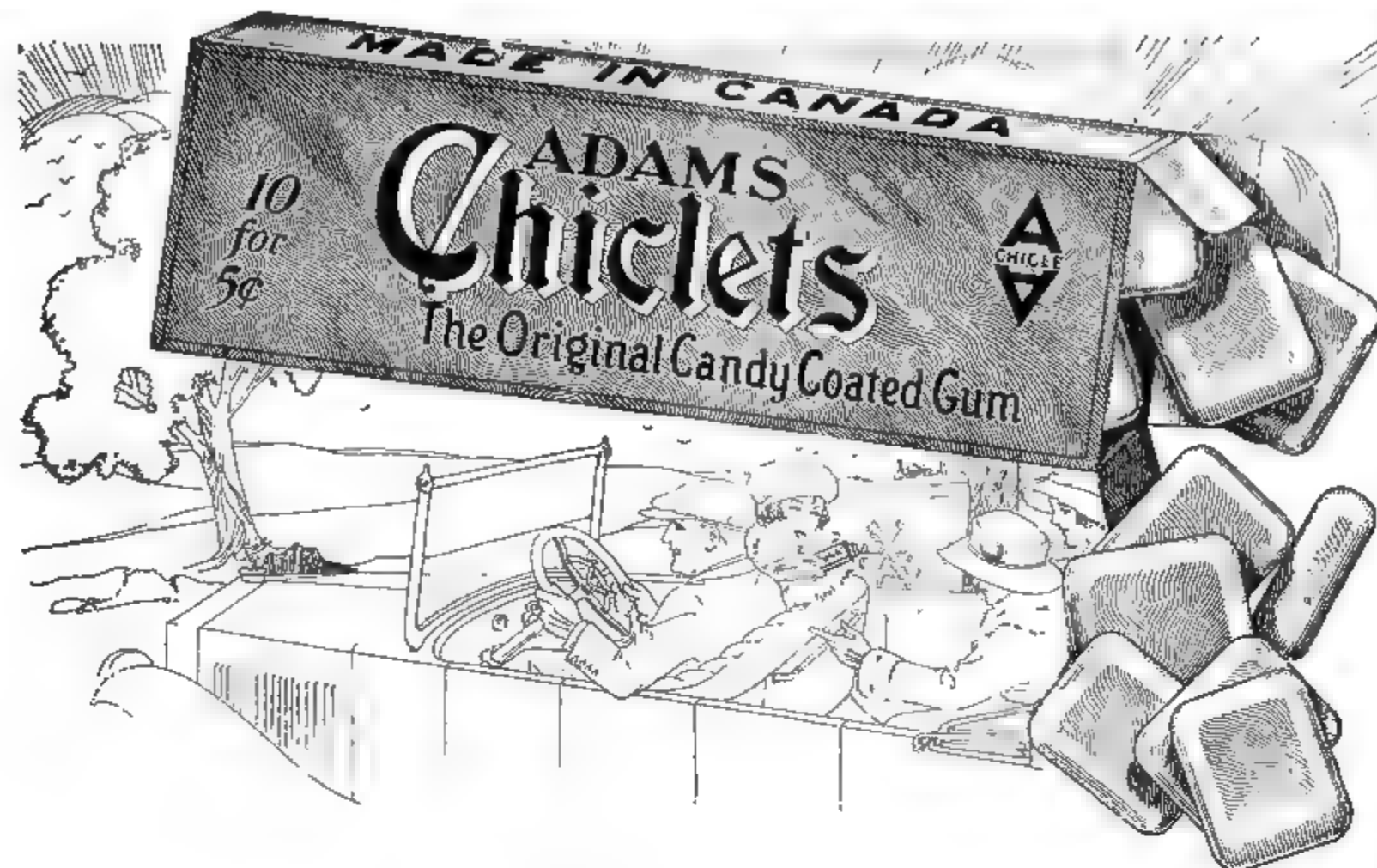
"There has been no atonement."

WINTER laughed, a laugh without mirth. "Atonement," he echoed harshly. "What do you know about atonement, Mr. Eades? Do you think life has been easy for us? Twenty years of it, a sorrow and misery always. Never feeling ourselves as other men and women were. Always listening for the snicker behind our backs. Making no friends. Living solitary, with all the folks about us friendly each with each."

"And children growing up. And struggling not to let them know, so that they might not be burdened down by the heavy world. Children we loved. Always afraid, always weary, always sick with longing. Moving on like outcasts from town to town, when folks began to talk. Trying to keep ahead of the thing that always clung to us. If Mary and me were naturally bad folks, we wouldn't have minded, Mr. Eades. But Mary's a decent woman, and I'm a decent man. It's been like a long crucifixion."

He brushed one hand across the other. "I'm not trying to beg off. But—the man she married is dead, and she and I are man and wife now in law as well as in truth. We sort of hoped to get a new start here, we've been right happy here. He hesitated, looked toward the other wearily. "What do you figure to ask me to do?"

Eades' eyes were red. "Leave this woman to her shame," he commanded.



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Don't Be a Dinosaur!

about her for Eades, that which is the hater sort of men. I've always made these hater side. He gaped at her.

Mary Winter caught the look in his eyes and she shrank suddenly away from him, and flung her scarf and began to pluck the wet folds of her skirt from her limbs. At her low exclamation Winter turned and saw the deacon's face, and he saw Eades look his wet hot lips. Then Winter's hand landed again on the other's arm, and without ceremony he hustled the man through the door. "Go away from here," he commanded.

Eades would have protested but Winter's bleak eyes frightened him and he turned and scurried a little down the driveway in the rain. When he was at a safe distance he swung around and lifted up his hands toward them and cried: "The wages of sin is death!" The wages of lust is death!

Winter stood threateningly and the man fled away. Then the farmer turned back into the house, and found Mary Winter frightened and shaking. "He found out!" she whispered, trembling against him. "He knows!"

Her husband told her comfortingly. "Yes, but no matter dear."

No no matter she echoed bravely. "Only I could not bear the way he looked at me. He made me feel naked and ashamed."

Winter shook with stern anger. "Aye," he cried. "That man came to judge us. With evil in his mind. To look at you! God knows, between him and us, I'm going to be judged."

His very word was shattered by the tremendous, spitting crash of the lightning bolt as it struck the oak across the road. It left them standing speechless other arms paralyzed for a moment by the immensity of the sound. Then Winter flung open the door and at what he saw raved down the drive toward where Eades had left his car.

But when he reached the spot he saw at once that the man was irreversibly dead.

The people at Hamilton were always accustomed to say that God seemed to take a hand in the affairs of men, out at the old Walden farm.

## Don't Be a Dinosaur!

Continued from page 15

and being consequently and promptly moved into a nice little office with his name on the glass door.

The needs of the day have sharpened his sensibilities and focused his interests, and the campaign of dogmatic assertion is sending the young men of Canada into the class rooms by the tens of thousands.

In the city of Toronto alone there are a thousand bank clerks who are spending two or three nights a week studying advanced banking practice—and the same is true of many other centres. They are paying out their own good money from what everyone knows is not too munificent salary in order to meet Opportunity while it is still in the way. The banks in Toronto and other cities have put their strong seal of approval on this practice. Their employees who have the interest and enthusiasm to go through with this work find that not only are they reimbursed for their outlay but receive a bonus as well.

### Doing It Thoroughly

"WE'VE noticed one thing," said the general manager of one of the large correspondence and night schools. They're not hurrying through. They used to a few years ago while the war was on. Any time was enough. They would be with us for a month or two and then they would be off. It was easy enough to get a position then with very little training. But we've noticed a marked difference of late. They have come to us and they have worked not for two or three months but for a year or more and they have done it because they found it was good business. We didn't urge it. They found it out for themselves.

And there is another thing we have noticed and that is that some of our pupils who started to take a course and who gave it up because they didn't like the extra effort it entailed, I suppose, and because they thought they could get along as well without it have been coming back.

In the city of Toronto it is no longer ago one of the large banks was looking for a man to fill a position representing considerable

responsibility. There were certain men, who on the good old stand-pat system of seniority were marked for the place. They were good men of the wheel-horse type, good faithful dependable servants, but they did not look to the general manager like the men he wanted. He called his assistant into consultation. "I don't like to pass over these chaps," he said, "but we need something they haven't got. I know exactly what we want, but I don't know where to lay my hands on him."

"I do," said the assistant. "I know the very man you're looking for, young Burnett. He's on collections at one of our branches. Been with us only three years, but he's a comer."

"Never heard of him," said the general manager, without any very evident enthusiasm.

"Of course you haven't," retorted the assistant. "Neither had I till about six months ago. I was looking over the reports of that school where a few of our boys are doing some night work and I just happened to notice that his name appeared pretty frequently at the head of the heap. Good marks, that sort of thing you know. Well I looked him up. Nothing very prepossessing about him. But I kept my eye on him. When he came out top man in their examinations I brought him up here for a while, and kept both my eyes on him. He knew as much as I did about a lot of things, and I rather fancy he knew more than I did on a few. So I gave up my investigations on these points. But I know enough about him to know that he's a comer. I sent him out to the branch so as to have him handy when anything turned up. He's a young man."

"But he's only been with us three years, you say?"

"Yes, but he has done more in those three years, to make himself worth more to this bank than most of them have done in nine years. I feel more obligation to these years of eager energetic service than to nine of mere idling time."

All right," said the general manager, "send him over to see me."

Burnett went over the heads of some few



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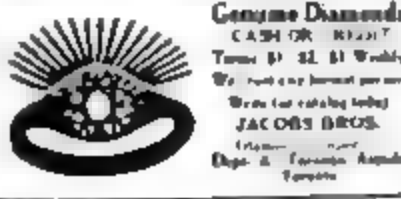
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hundred faithful employees, and no doubt the few hundred were inclined to think they had been right. But some of them stopped to think. And this is the story of the man who stopped to think, wherever you find them.

### Which Came First—Hen or Egg?

"WHETHER the kind of young man who succeeds is the kind who studies anyway or whether he succeeds because he studies, is one of those things you can't very well discover," says one bank official. "But we have our own ideas."

Of course the mere fact that a young man has stepped into a night school does not mean that Providence is going to grant a \$10,000 salary on a \$1,000 intellect. But it does mean that if there is a potential ten thousand in that thousand dollar intellect then it is going to get its chance.

A young man who had been studying with one of the large correspondence schools had been doing pretty well and so is the general custom in such cases the school authorities notified the large manufacturing concern with which he was connected offering to keep them informed of his progress. In reply the manager said: "We have a position on waiting now and we have been wondering just where we could get a man of the character we want. We are more than glad to know that we have one in our own plant. We are anxious to hear of his progress and you can be sure that we will make it worth his while." Oh yes, it isn't all black faced type, these glowing stories it's a simple fact that when a young man keeps his door on the latch Opportunity is more than likely to stumble in.

### The Evidence in the Case

MORFOVER if anyone arose to say that the \$10,000 a year salary story is apocryphal it is not a particularly difficult matter to pick up a goodly amount of evidence to the contrary.

Not so very long ago a young clerk stood behind the counters of one of Toronto's large departmental stores. He hadn't much to recommend him except the saving grace of interest in his business. Whenever his department squeezed itself into the store's advertising he would go home and brag about it. His family came to the melancholy conclusion that George was a nut, and that ultimately something would have to be done about it. While the family was considering just what this something would be George took a hand in it himself by discovering that every time his department was mentioned in the paper it meant more work for himself. From this combination of active brain and tired feet he deduced for himself that advertising meant business. It wasn't a new discovery of course, but it was as good as new as far as George was concerned. He was tremendously interested, and kept watching the papers and worrying his family with an added fervor. Then he got an idea that he would like to know how it was done and surreptitiously he would steal out of the house and go to a night school. When he outgrew that he took an advanced correspondence course. He learned what should be advertised and why.

Finally a casual word dropped by his department chief brought George to the knowledge of the heads of the firm. Rather to his surprise George had to report to the advertising department of the store. A few years later he wasn't head of that department. Nothing apocryphal about this. You can locate George now. He is head of the advertising department of one of the two largest departmental stores in the United States, and George's family have ceased to feel that they will have to do something about it for George has done it himself in the time of \$25,000 annually.

During the war you will probably remember that submarines were made in Canada. When the decision to manufacture in this country was first considered it was generally decided that it would take quite a long time to get the thing started. Just about this time a dapper young Englishman dropped off the steamer from "Ome" and I forgot only, and his coat off. He didn't look like a war-time man. He was a young man, and he was supposed to be the expert on getting things started. But somehow they started nevertheless, and before long the department of those submarines began to look like a



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It has been urged against an income tax, but the words of the late Mr. Justice Duff, in the case of *Attorney General v. The Queen*, have been taken as a guide. It is a well-known fact that the income tax is a necessary part of the machinery of the state. It is a well-known fact that the income tax is a necessary part of the machinery of the state.

The late Finance Minister declared that while the investments classed as active, being productive of revenue, could be charged to capital and deducted from the gross debt, yet the sum of \$57,102,870 should be provided out of current revenue on the railway account. The actual railway deficit was in the neighbourhood of seventy million dollars but part of it, ex-



—Drawn by Milton Hoover, for Judge.  
"Beware the Idea of March."

penditure on equipment and improvement, could properly be charged to capital and the balance of the \$165,837,633 voted for railways was likely required to renew old obligations which were maturing. His financial calculation was that if \$438,360,971 could be raised in the fiscal year 1921-1922, we would be paying our way.

### We Haven't Paid Our Way

HOW FAR have these expectations been realized? Sir Henry has estimated that the taxation rates prevailing in 1920 and 1921, if maintained, would return \$372,600,000, and to secure the balance he added a number of new imposts, including a heavy addition to the sales tax. He anticipated a certain falling off in trade but the extent of the curtailment as well as the rate of shrinkage in values has exceeded his calculations, and the probability is that Mr. Fielding will think himself fortunate if he finds that the revenues for 1921-22 have reached the \$372 million which Sir Henry expected the old rates of taxation would yield. There can therefore be anticipated a deficit of about sixty-five million dollars, which is a little less than the confessed addition to the national debt for the past year. If trade had kept at the level of 1920 there would have been a deficit short of the \$35 million, but the deficit would not have been serious.

But this is the problem of the fiscal year 1922-23 which must give Mr. Fielding and his colleagues real anxiety. The business profit is tax they abolished in the last bud-

values is unlikely to be checked and quite apart from any shrinkage in the volume of trade it will reduce the returns from the customs, excise and sales taxes as well as from minor sources of revenue.

### An "Overdraft" of Fifty Millions

MR. FIELDING is not by temperament a wild optimist and in default of a sudden revival of trade he will probably allow in his next budget for a shrinkage of at least fifty millions from the federal revenues collected this year. If he had to follow his predecessor in estimating our minimum requirements in the way of revenue at 495 millions then there would be a very disastrous gap between the revenue and expenditure and there would be a danger of the serious impairment of the national credit if it fell behind financially at the rate of 100 millions in a single year. Obviously new taxation on a considerable scale would be inevitable.

But certain circumstances ought to set a limit to any great increase in the federal taxes. The income tax rates were materially raised in the budget of 1920-21 and brought exactly parallel to the rates levied by the American treasury with this addition that a special surtax of five per cent of the amount of the tax was levied on incomes in excess of \$5,000. However since the Harding Administration came into power it has managed to effect a very considerable reduction in the American rate of taxation. Fifty per cent is the highest rate which is now imposed but our highest rate reaches 66

## New Invention Revolutionizes The Art of Cooking

I am now able to offer in the world the cheapest, easiest and most perfect method of preparing the family meals ever known. Here is a cooking appliance that cooks 50% to 75% of food cost, saves hours of time, saves millions of dollars, and brings food as prepared, more easily and healthful meals, with crystals to select.

### Automatic Rapid Electric Cook-Stove

A new, electric, practical invention that gives you every cooking, baking, broiling, frying, boiling and steaming facility of the modern kitchen at less than you would pay for even a good gas stove for oil cooking, and at less cost than any other known method of cooking. No other cooking stove or appliance needed. Simply snap on the switch and electric heat does the work. When the cook is ready, it shuts off automatically and the electric heater principle does the job without any additional heat or attention from you.

### Try It Thirty Days At My Risk

I want you to try this great invention 30 days in your own kitchen—at my risk. I want to prove what it will do for you. Send for my FREE Book "Electric Cooking Today" A Postcard will do. Write today! THE Wm. CAMPBELL CO., Windsor, Ontario, Dept.



## The Best Cloths that Britain Produces

Are Tailored To-Measure in  
"Lion" Suits-By-Post

There are no better cloths than those Brown & Landley put in their \$7 10s. Lounge Suits. Only the finest Huddersfield Worsted and Scotch Tweeds are used by them and each suit is individually cut and tailored. This large number of suits made and huge cloth orders placed direct with manufacturers enable Brown & Landley to cut out middlemen's profits and reduce the cost to you the wearer. Why pay more than their

### HIGHEST PRICE

for a tailor made Lounge Suit of the finest quality cloths produced in England and Scotland

**\$36.00**

They also offer excellent pure wool quantities at considerably under this price.

Write for 100 Cloth Patterns. Post free

Specialty selected for Home or Overseas men with Fashion Guide and full particulars of simple self-measurement system.

Satisfaction Cash Refund Fully Guaranteed.

GROVES & LINDLEY, Merchant Tailors  
66, "THE LION" HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.

per cent. But for the opposition of the agricultural bloc the American tax rates would have been brought far lower, and the expectation is that they will gradually diminish with each succeeding budget.

The actual incorporation of the budget system, which General Dawes has put into operation at Washington for the first time, will enable many economies to be effected and there is now a prospect of some of the enormous indebtedness of Europe to the United States being repaid. It must be apparent to all intelligent people that the people of Canada cannot afford either a rate of tax on or a cost of living which is materially higher than the standards prevailing with their neighbours. Factories and farms cannot move away but brains and energy are extraordinarily mobile these days, and a country which strips its skilled professional men, its technicians and its organizers of too large a share of their earnings will soon see them slip away to countries where the burden is lighter.

This danger is peculiarly acute in a country like Canada which lies side by side with another using the same language and offering parallel opportunities in almost every line of life. Similarly, we cannot afford to have a much higher cost of living than our neighbours. Bradstreet's Annual recently shows that wholesale prices for January 1921 in the United States were about thirty per cent higher than in January 1914, but in Canada the same comparative increase is almost double. An actual part of this discrepancy is accounted for by the sales tax which has prevented the cost of living from showing a parallel decline to the fall in the United States index figures. The Harding Administration has had under consideration the imposition of a sales tax in order to procure funds for a soldiers' bonus, but the plan has been met with vigorous opposition and now seems likely to be abandoned. If our industries are to have a fair field the cost of living must be kept as low as possible and an increase in the sales tax can be ruled out as a source of revenue. The customs tariff has ceased to be the important feature that it was in pre-war days in the production of revenue. In the present fiscal year customs duties will have been found to have yielded not more than twenty-five per cent of the revenue, whereas as late as 1916 they produced fifty-seven per cent. There seems to be a general agreement that any increase in customs taxes would not yield any appreciable increment in revenue and the political situation at Ottawa, where both the Liberals and the Progressives are pledged in categorical terms to tariff reductions makes any addition to the present schedules quite out of the question.

### Finances in Safe Hands

OUR finances, however, are now in the hands of an experienced and careful administrator who will not light-heartedly see a recurrence of deficits and he is obviously convinced that the best avenue for a sound national balance sheet lies in the stern and unflinching practice of rigid economy. It is an open secret in Ottawa that he has implored and instructed his colleagues to pare their estimates to the very bone, and obliterate relentlessly every item of expenditure which is not justified by immediate necessities. But the field of economy is considerably restricted by various circumstances. In the estimates for 1921-22 are shown the following items which are not susceptible of any but infinitesimal reductions.

|                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Interest on public debt | \$142,800,127 |
| Pensions                | 31,815,923    |
| Provincial subsidies    | 11,490,880    |

Total \$186,107,910

Our post office service last year absorbed about \$25,000,000 and as there is an understanding that the revenue and expenditure in this department should always be allowed to approximate one another, a decrease in the estimates for 1921-22 brings no profit to the treasury. Last year the estimates for what is known as consolidated fund expenditure were \$343,021,594 and it is plain that about \$210,000,000 of this must be regarded as permanent burdens for the time being. Accordingly, in the sphere of ordinary expenditure, the field for the introduction of economies will be confined to items in services whose combined cost in 1921-22 has been in the neighbourhood of \$133,000,000. But this sum covers many indispensable services and pieces of the national machinery which

**BREAKING STRAIN**

|                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| A. Tread           | 2500 lbs. |
| B. Breaker         | 300       |
| C. Crown           | 410       |
| D. Sidewall        | 410       |
| E. 2nd Sidewall    | 410       |
| F. 3rd Sidewall    | 410       |
| G. 4th Sidewall    | 410       |
| H. 5th Sidewall    | 410       |
| I. 6th Sidewall    | 410       |
| J. 7th Sidewall    | 410       |
| K. 8th Sidewall    | 410       |
| L. 9th Sidewall    | 410       |
| M. 10th Sidewall   | 410       |
| N. 11th Sidewall   | 410       |
| O. 12th Sidewall   | 410       |
| P. 13th Sidewall   | 410       |
| Q. 14th Sidewall   | 410       |
| R. 15th Sidewall   | 410       |
| S. 16th Sidewall   | 410       |
| T. 17th Sidewall   | 410       |
| U. 18th Sidewall   | 410       |
| V. 19th Sidewall   | 410       |
| W. 20th Sidewall   | 410       |
| X. 21st Sidewall   | 410       |
| Y. 22nd Sidewall   | 410       |
| Z. 23rd Sidewall   | 410       |
| AA. 24th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AB. 25th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AC. 26th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AD. 27th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AE. 28th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AF. 29th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AG. 30th Sidewall  | 410       |
| AH. 31st Sidewall  | 410       |
| AI. 32nd Sidewall  | 410       |
| aj. 33rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| ak. 34th Sidewall  | 410       |
| al. 35th Sidewall  | 410       |
| am. 36th Sidewall  | 410       |
| an. 37th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ao. 38th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ap. 39th Sidewall  | 410       |
| aq. 40th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ar. 41st Sidewall  | 410       |
| as. 42nd Sidewall  | 410       |
| at. 43rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| au. 44th Sidewall  | 410       |
| av. 45th Sidewall  | 410       |
| aw. 46th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ax. 47th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ay. 48th Sidewall  | 410       |
| az. 49th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ba. 50th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bb. 51st Sidewall  | 410       |
| bc. 52nd Sidewall  | 410       |
| bd. 53rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| be. 54th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bf. 55th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bg. 56th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bh. 57th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bi. 58th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bj. 59th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bk. 60th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bl. 61st Sidewall  | 410       |
| bm. 62nd Sidewall  | 410       |
| bn. 63rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| bo. 64th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bp. 65th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bq. 66th Sidewall  | 410       |
| br. 67th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bs. 68th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bt. 69th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bu. 70th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bv. 71st Sidewall  | 410       |
| bw. 72nd Sidewall  | 410       |
| bx. 73rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| by. 74th Sidewall  | 410       |
| bz. 75th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ca. 76th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cb. 77th Sidewall  | 410       |
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| cd. 79th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ce. 80th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cf. 81st Sidewall  | 410       |
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| ch. 83rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| ci. 84th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cj. 85th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ck. 86th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cl. 87th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cm. 88th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cn. 89th Sidewall  | 410       |
| co. 90th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cp. 91st Sidewall  | 410       |
| cq. 92nd Sidewall  | 410       |
| cr. 93rd Sidewall  | 410       |
| cs. 94th Sidewall  | 410       |
| ct. 95th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cu. 96th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cv. 97th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cw. 98th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cx. 99th Sidewall  | 410       |
| cy. 100th Sidewall | 410       |
| cz. 101st Sidewall | 410       |
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| db. 103rd Sidewall | 410       |
| dc. 104th Sidewall | 410       |
| dd. 105th Sidewall | 410       |
| de. 106th Sidewall | 410       |
| df. 107th Sidewall | 410       |
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| di. 110th Sidewall | 410       |
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| ds. 120th Sidewall | 410       |
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| du. 122nd Sidewall | 410       |
| dv. 123rd Sidewall | 410       |
| dw. 124th Sidewall | 410       |
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| dy. 126th Sidewall | 410       |
| dz. 127th Sidewall | 410       |
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| ec. 130th Sidewall | 410       |
| ed. 131st Sidewall | 410       |
| ee. 132nd Sidewall | 410       |
| ef. 133rd Sidewall | 410       |
| eg. 134th Sidewall | 410       |
| eh. 135th Sidewall | 410       |
| ei. 136th Sidewall | 410       |
| ej. 137th Sidewall | 410       |
| ek. 138th Sidewall | 410       |
| el. 139th Sidewall | 410       |
| em. 140th Sidewall | 410       |
| en. 141st Sidewall | 410       |
| eo. 142nd Sidewall | 410       |
| ep. 143rd Sidewall | 410       |
| eq. 144th Sidewall | 410       |
| er. 145th Sidewall | 410       |
| es. 146th Sidewall | 410       |
| et. 147th Sidewall | 410       |
| eu. 148th Sidewall | 410       |
| ev. 149th Sidewall | 410       |
| ew. 150th Sidewall | 410       |
| ex. 151st Sidewall | 410       |
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| ez. 153rd Sidewall | 410       |
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| fm. 166th Sidewall | 410       |
| fn. 167th Sidewall | 410       |
| fo. 168th Sidewall | 410       |
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| fq. 170th Sidewall | 410       |
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| fz. 179th Sidewall | 410       |
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| gd. 183rd Sidewall | 410       |
| ge. 184th Sidewall | 410       |
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| gh. 187th Sidewall | 410       |
| gi. 188th Sidewall | 410       |
| gj. 189th Sidewall | 410       |
| gk. 190th Sidewall | 410       |
| gl. 191st Sidewall | 410       |
| gm. 192nd Sidewall | 410       |
| gn. 193rd Sidewall | 410       |
| go. 194th Sidewall | 410       |
| gp. 195th Sidewall | 410       |
| gq. 196th Sidewall | 410       |
| gr. 197th Sidewall | 410       |
| gs. 198th Sidewall | 410       |
| gt. 199th Sidewall | 410       |
| gu. 200th Sidewall | 410       |
| gv. 201st Sidewall | 410       |
| gw. 202nd Sidewall | 410       |
| gx. 203rd Sidewall | 410       |
| gy. 204th Sidewall | 410       |
| gz. 205th Sidewall | 410       |
| ha. 206th Sidewall | 410       |
| hb. 207th Sidewall | 410       |
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| hj. 215th Sidewall | 410       |
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| ho. 220th Sidewall | 410       |
| hp. 221st Sidewall | 410       |
| hq. 222nd Sidewall | 410       |
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| ht. 225th Sidewall | 410       |
| hu. 226th Sidewall | 410       |
| hv. 227th Sidewall | 410       |
| hw. 228th Sidewall | 410       |
| hx. 229th Sidewall | 410       |
| hy. 230th Sidewall | 410       |
| hz. 231st Sidewall | 410       |
| ia. 232nd Sidewall | 410       |
| ib. 233rd Sidewall | 410       |
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| id. 235th Sidewall | 410       |
| ie. 236th Sidewall | 410       |
| if. 237th Sidewall | 410       |
| ig. 238th Sidewall | 410       |
| ih. 239th Sidewall | 410       |
| ii. 240th Sidewall | 410       |
| ij. 241st Sidewall | 410       |
| ik. 242nd Sidewall | 410       |
| il. 243rd Sidewall | 410       |
| im. 244th Sidewall | 410       |
| in. 245th Sidewall | 410       |
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| ip. 247th Sidewall | 410       |
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| ir. 249th Sidewall | 410       |
| is. 250th Sidewall | 410       |
| it. 251st Sidewall | 410       |
| iu. 252nd Sidewall | 410       |
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| ja. 258th Sidewall | 410       |
| jb. 259th Sidewall | 410       |
| jc. 260th Sidewall | 410       |
| jd. 261st Sidewall | 410       |
| je. 262nd Sidewall | 410       |
| jf. 263rd Sidewall | 410       |
| ig. 264th Sidewall | 410       |
| jh. 265th Sidewall | 410       |
| ji. 266th Sidewall | 410       |
| jj. 267th Sidewall | 410       |
| jk. 268th Sidewall | 41        |



—and after you have asked for RUBBERSET BRUSHES by name, look for THIS trade mark—find it—SPELL IT OUT!

On paint brushes and shaving brushes make certain the little man is there!



# RUBBERSET

—for in no other way  
can you  
ALWAYS BE SURE

of getting the GENUINE RUBBERSET you asked for!

From the time we made our first brush which could safely be used IN ANY COMPOUND in which a bristle brush might properly be asked to serve, we have striven to put into every brush of our making THE BEST of quality in both materials and workmanship.

In honest pride in the proven superiorities of our process we gave to our brushes, and imprinted upon each and every one of them, the trade name RUBBERSET, in witness that they were products of RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.—true creations of the ideas and ideals which inspire our every operation.

## Sectional Views



GENUINE article made by us!

THAT YOUR PROTECTION MAY BE MADE COMPLETE, take to heart this simple warning. Claims to duplication of our process are not uncommon. Confusing imitations of our trade name are frequently found.

SIMILARITY IS NOT IDENTITY!

Today, no brush is so widely asked for by name as RUBBERSET. But in this very protection lurks this peril to the unwary:—Not every person who simply ASKS for a RUBBERSET brush, GETS the ORIGINAL and

A brush may SEEM to be made somewhat like a RUBBERSET, yet NOT be as good a brush. It may even bear a trade name that LOOKS like RUBBERSET and SOUNDS like RUBBERSET, but it will NOT be ours!

## BE NOT MISLED!

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE! Should you be in one of these rare places where RUBBERSETs are not obtainable, tell us, and we will gladly arrange to have your wants supplied.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Ltd.

FACTORIES  
TORONTO, and GRAVENHURST, CAN.

the World's Standard



cannot be obtained with out serious loss and inconvenience to the country. The law for insurance has to be administered and our judges have to be paid, so that there can be little expectation of a great deal of the item \$2,181,632 allowed for the administration of justice. The process of cutting down estimates which involves the reduction of staffs and the refusal of contracts is at any time a trying trial for ministers, but it must be particularly difficult for the leaders of a party which has been out of office for ten years. But it must be faced and there is a wide scope for it in more than one department of our government.

The Militia estimates for last year absorbed the sum of \$11,890,000 and the soldiers felt themselves deeply aggrieved, but since the armistice there was submitted to the Militia Council a perfectly feasible and intelligent scheme for the reorganization of our military forces which I put into effect would provide us with just as competent a nucleus of an army as the militia system does and at a cost of less than \$6,000,000 per annum. Mr. Graham may never have seen it but it is in his department that one of the greatest opportunities for economy lies.

Our navy last year claimed \$5,736,986 and it is difficult to see what adequate returns we received from this expenditure. The Geddes report which was recently published in London aroused hectic protest from the British Admiralty but its main recommendations about the navy will be put into effect and save the British taxpayer many millions. In view of the decision of the Washington Conference there seems no valid reason why two million dollars should not be lopped off our naval estimates.

But obviously the most fruitful vineyard for the labours of the economist lies in our national railways. The deficit upon them will be smaller than last year but it will certainly reach \$50,000,000 and to it must be added \$9,000,000 more for the luxury of our mercantile marine. The

best method of wiping out this terrible burden opens up a prolific field of controversy and the merits of the various solutions need not be here discussed. The most feasible seems to be an aggressive immigration policy which would bring settlers to our vacant spaces and provide additional freight and passenger traffic. If, as Sir Clifford Sifton has suggested, we could in the next ten years put 500,000 more farmers upon our land, we should be in a fair way to railway salvation, for the country would cheerfully face a deficit of \$20,000,000 and count itself well off.

There is also room for considerable economies in the Civil Service. It is both underpaid and overmanned and under a wise system of reorganization both greater efficiency and lessened expenditure should be possible. If we could save \$40,000,000 on our railways, \$5,000,000 on the militia, \$5,000,000 on the Civil administration and \$2,000,000 on the navy, we would reduce our annual expenditure to the manageable sum of about \$370,000,000, which is easily within our taxable capacity as soon as trade revives and sustains our revenues at the level of the present fiscal year.

One thing, however, is urgently needed. At present the boundaries of taxation between federal, provincial and municipal authorities are vague and ill-defined, both federal and provincial legislatures levy an income tax and duplicate organizations have to be maintained for its collection. The provincial governments levy succession duties, but at least one of our political parties proposes that the Federal government, as in the United States and Britain should also impose them. There are other points in which the various jurisdictions clash. A conference if conducted with skill and good temper could probably produce an equitable arrangement which would leave certain fields as the monopoly of each authority or at least allow co-operative action in the collection of taxes which they might agree to share.

## Ovington's Bank

Continued from page 36

"And you will forgive me? You will do your best to forgive me?" "I will do my best, if you will not carry off my basket," she replied, with a smile, for he was turning away with the basket on his arm. "Thank you," as he restored it and in his embarrassment nearly dropped his gun. "Goodbye."

"You are sure that you will be safe now?" "If you have no fresh accident with the gun," she laughed. "Please be careful!" She nodded and turned and tripped away, dreamily reviewing what had happened.

Near the garden door she was roughly brought to earth. Miss Peacock visiting the yard on some domestic errand had discerned her "Joanna," she cried. "My dear, girl, but you have been quick! I wish the maids were half as quick when they go! A whole afternoon is not enough for them to walk a mile. But you've not brought the eggs," starting.

"I didn't go," said Joanna mildly. "I was frightened by a gun."

"A gun?" "And I felt a little faint." "Faint? Why you've got the colour of a rose girl. Faint? Well, when I want galley eggs again I shan't send you. Where was it?"

"Under the Thirty Acres—by the stile. I heard a gun and—"

"Sho!" cried Miss Peacock, vastly contemptuous. "Heard a gun, indeed! At your age Joanna! I don't know what girls are coming to! If you don't take care you'll be all nerves and vapours like your aunt at the Cottage! Go and take a dose of gillyflower water this minute, and the less said to your father the better. Why you'd never hear the end of it. Afraid because a gun went off?"

Joanna agreed that it was very silly and went quietly up to her room. Yes, the less said about it the better!

## CHAPTER VII

THE terraced garden at Garth rented to the south and east on a sustaining wall so high that to build it to-day would tax the resources of three Squires. Unfortunately either for defence or protection from the weather, the wall rose high on the

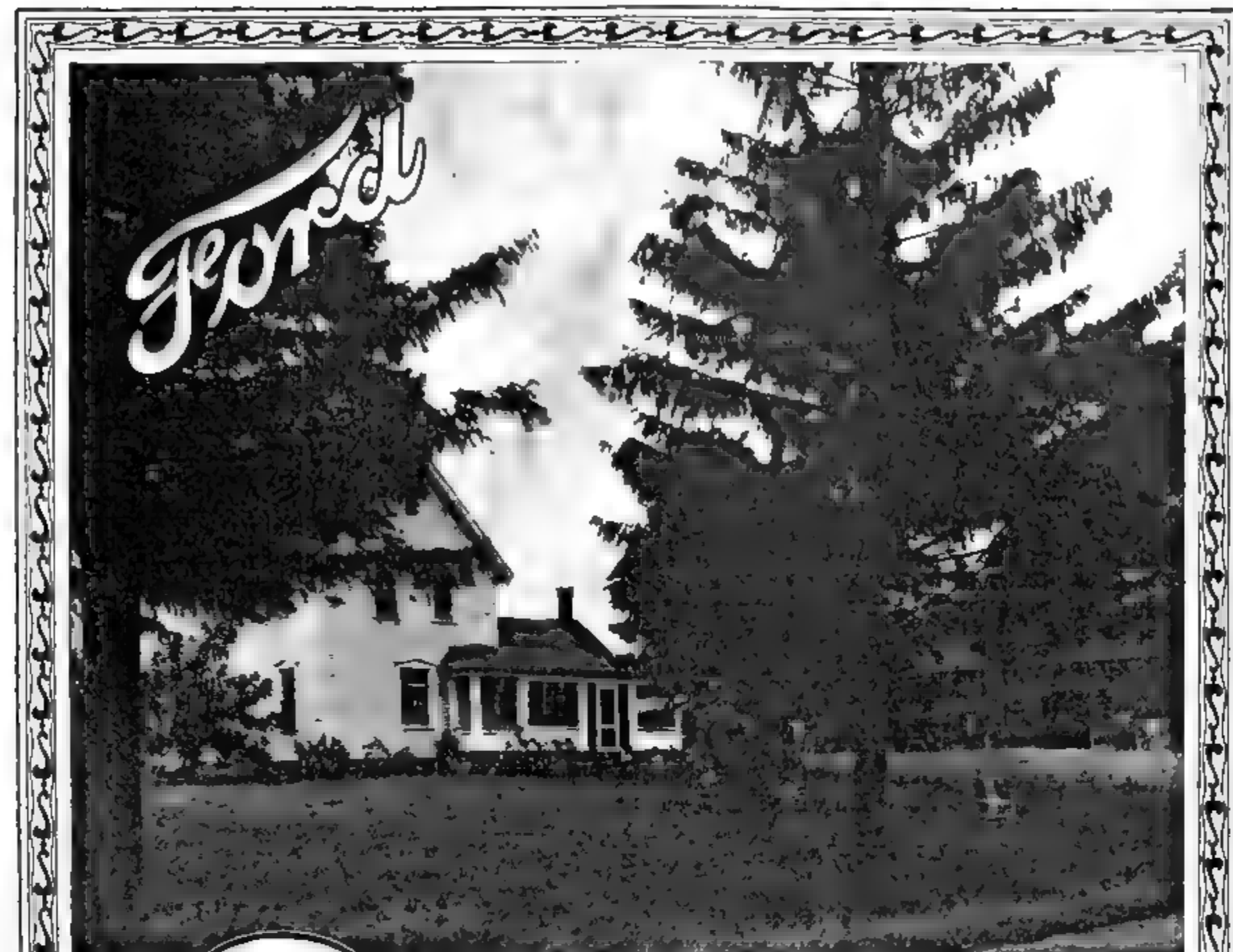
inner side also, so that he who walked in the garden might enjoy indeed the mellow tints of the old brickwork, but had no view of the country, except through certain loop-holes, gable-shaped, which pierced the wall at intervals, like the port-holes of a battleship. If the lover of landscape wanted more, he must climb half a dozen steps to a raised walk which ran along the south side. Thence he could look, as from an eyrie, on the green meadows below him, or away to the line of hills to westward or, turning about, he could overlook the operations of the gardener at his feet.

More, if it rained or blew there was at the south-west corner, and entered from the raised walk, an ancient Dutch summer-house of brick, with a pyramidal roof. It had large windows and, with much at Garth that served for ornament rather than utility, it was decayed, time and damp having almost effaced its dim fresco. But tradition hallowed it, for William of Orange, it was said, after dining in the hall at the oaken table which still bore the date 1691 had smoked his pipe and drunk his Schnapps in this summer-house, and thence had watched the roll of the bowls and the play of the bias on the turf below. For in those days the garden had been a bowling green.

There on summer evenings the Squire would still smoke his pipe or drink his port, but in winter the place was little used, tools decremented it, and tubers took refuge in it. So when Joanna began about this time to frequent it, and as winter yielded to the first breath of spring, began to carry her work thither of an afternoon, Miss Peacock might have had her suspicions had she taken note of the fact. She took no note of it, however, being a busy woman. Thomas the groom did remark the fact for idle hands make watchful eyes, but for a time he was none the wiser.

"What's young Miss doing up there?" he asked himself. "Must be larnation cold. And her looks fine, too! Ay, 'tis well to be them as has sought to do but tramped up and down and sniff the air!"

Naturally it did not at once occur to him that the summer-house commanded a view of the brook side and the path which ran along it, nor did he suppose that Miss had any purpose, when, as might happen once a week perhaps, she would leave her



## Ford Prices

|                  |       |
|------------------|-------|
| Chassis .....    | \$445 |
| Runabout .....   | 495   |
| Touring .....    | 535   |
| Truck Chassis .. | 575   |
| Coupe .....      | 840   |
| Sedan .....      | 930   |

Starting and Electric Lighting on Chassis and Open Models \$85 Extra—Standard equipment on Coupe and Sedan.

All prices are f. o. b. Ford, Ontario, and do not include Government Sales Tax.

## "Peace and Plenty Here Abide"

ALL over Canada are thousands of scenes like this—the substantial dwelling built by patient industry from the fruits of Mother Earth—roomy barns that hint of blooded stock—spacious lawns—giant shade trees that tell a story of acres wrested from the forest by pioneers whose thews and sinews had to take the place of the time and labor saving devices we know today.

For them long hours of unremitting toil. For you the Fordson Tractor that plows more in a day than they could in a week. For them the plodding ox team and a life of loneliness and isolation from their fellows. For you the Ford Car that opens the door to every city convenience and removes the last barrier to that social intercourse which alone makes life worth living.

It never was easier to own a Ford than NOW. The prices tell the story.

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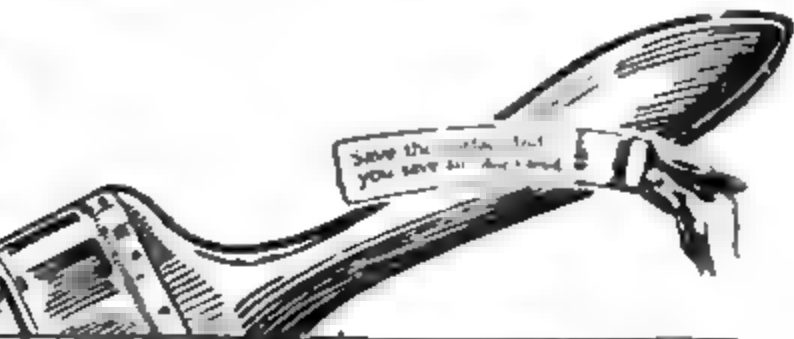


He went up to bed again and thought









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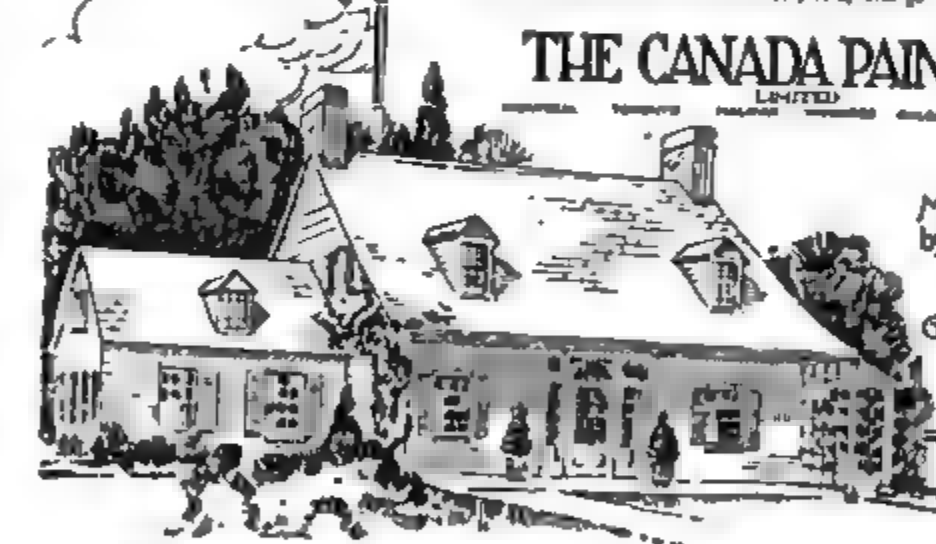
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party to it—and such a chance! The horse was good, his work showed it. With a light weight he'd pass as a three-year-old, if he kept on improving, he'd dang near land that stake.

And Owen was in it likely Delilah was. She had seemed so anxious for him to take the colt even when it was evident Sweep Up was not very good. "By gum!" Probably the suggestion to not make him knowingly a party to the deception was Delilah's. And he couldn't ask her he must ask Owen, he must pose as having been deceived completely to make perfect an alibi that is, if he didn't send the horse back.

THE patriarch's racing life had been one of keeping out of the bad looks of the Jockey Club and turning every trick he could to win as much as he could every time he ran a horse—that is, when he ran a horse to win. He had no compunction no throbbing sensibilities. This rogues' life was not of his planning it was a case of expediency plus a desire to help Delilah of whom he was very fond.

He would wait developments, give no sign, train the horse that had been sent to him as Sweep Up, and win with him if he could, just the same as any other trainer would. The only evidence that Sweep Up was a four-year-old was hidden in the horse's mouth and nobody would be apt to discover that.

Each day Sweep Up improved, and when Delilah asked Andrews to tell her about the horse's prospect of winning explaining that she must decide whether to pay the thousand dollars for an option to purchase the Midas for ten thousand the old gentleman took off his hat, rubbed his graying fingers through the massive gray thatch, and answered: "Well Mrs. Owen, I ain't asked Sweep Up the big question yet."

As Andrews drew this slowly, his keen gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows were fixed on the girl's face to see if she started when he said Sweep Up, he had emphasized the name purposely.

"The big question," she queried, and there was no trace of disquietude in her voice.

"I mean I ain't give him a trial with his proper weight up for a mile, the distance of the stake, but judge from what he showed me I'd say with the light weight he'll pack home a three-year-old, he's got a mighty good chance," and the gray eyes had again hung on Delilah's face as Andrews put the emphasis on the three-year-old.

"Then I'll chance it," Delilah declared. "I'll pay the money on the line, and we'll try to win enough on the horse to come out ahead whether the mule is any good or not."

"It seems a good gamble, Mrs. Owen. Mind, missus, I don't know a thing 'bout this horse except what he showed me."

"You mean that you've never raced him?"

"Kinder that. Hawsen is the same 's them they've some men got tricks that you don't find out till it's too late."

Well, we'll take the chance," Delilah declared.

The patriarch's visual cross-examination had revealed nothing. Delilah was evidently innocent, or some actress, the old man decided.

So that afternoon Delilah wrote out a cheque for a thousand dollars and gave it to Owen, who had it certified in the bank, and the next day the deal was completed with Armstrong for the purchase of the Midas for ten thousand dollars, the balance to be paid in sixty days. This little variation of a purchase instead of an option was a brilliant thought of Owen's, it tied Armstrong up more effectively. If there were a leak about the value of the mule and it rather hounded Delilah who really had money to buy the mule whether the horse won or not.

Putting it over on "little wife!" Owen had exclaimed with a grin when Owen had expiated the Marchavian touch.

Owen smiled cheerfully. "It'll be my first win over wife!" he went through.

I guess she won't back. I she gets that trip to Paris, and, if we get the Midas no matter how we get it, everybody'll be happy."

A FEW days before the race, the Boudary Stake Delilah was down at the course with Andrews, and the latter as if mentioning it casually remarked: "The way Sweep Up is working I'm glad you got him, Mrs. Owen, 'cause Skipper

Dance seems to 've kinder trained off somethin' else in that stake might've beat your horse."

"Skipper Dance?" It was a cry of astonishment of sudden consternation. "Is my horse in the same race?" I didn't know that."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Owen he was entered in all the stakes along with a couple of my hawses, Drummer an' Red Devil. An' I was gone to scratch Drummer an' was aim'n at Skipper Dance for the stake afore I looked up with this three-year-old."

Delilah twisted her gloves nervously, this was starting, she was paying for a horse to beat her own.

"That's a fine situation Mr. Andrews, she said, anger in her voice. I'd rather have Skipper Dance win, be a my horse."

"Yes, ma'am, so d I. But if you hadn't took Sweep Up some other trainer'd 've got hold of him an' as Skipper Dance don't seem at his best you might've net quite a bit over your hawses. I thought p'raps that you knowed more 'bout Sweep Up'n I did, 'cause you was the one that got me to take him."

"I didn't know anything about him. I had my own reasons for, well, the helpin' Stewart a friend poor Tom. The anger that was still in Delilah caused the poor Tom to trail off into a bitter sneer.

A sudden flash illumined the patriarch's mind, he knew how jealous of the feeble Stewart Delilah was, and he hadn't been unconscious of the subtle play out at The Abbey that day, nor uncharitable of one or two glances between Stewart and Gerry when Delilah's bark was turned.

And in the Gerry had come in to the course with Caven, and Owen had been there, naturally to meet Caven. Owen had motored back to The Abbey with the Caven. With a grin Owen had asked Andrews to not mention these two friendly episodes, as Delilah had some temper and made it unpleasant for him if he even looked at a pretty girl.

So Mrs. Owen had not been made aware of these friendly reunions, the patriarch fancying it was just as well to let sleeping dogs lie, that is, he thought she didn't know but Delilah had actually drawn from Zeb Skipper Dance's darkey rubber, this information.

This sudden inspiration that Delilah was suspicious of Tom and Gerry made it all the more confusing, who was in the know and who was out of it?

"Come and look at the colt Mrs. Owen," Andrews suggested. "I guess you never see such a improved horse."

SWEET UP was being rubbed down in his stall after having done a gallop of a mile. He stood with his brown head toward the door and out of habit, Delilah opened her bag and put a lump of sugar in the palm of her hand, holding it toward Sweep Up.

The colt took a step forward, stretched his long neck, and fumbled the cube so awkwardly that it rolled to the floor. "Clumsy!" Delilah reproved. "At The Abbey you picked it out of my hand daintily."

She put another cube in her hand, and as the horse again lipped it, it also fell to the floor. But this was Delilah's fault, she had been started. Her eyes went wide in sudden astonishment, they had told her that that heavy mouth with its under nostril was not the baby mouth of the real Sweep Up—it was Dancer's!

She shot a look down the forelock, out the rubber having removed the bandages after the gallop to reward them later on she was looking for the white arrow, but it wasn't there—the joint was a plain brown.

Andrews had been watching Delilah covertly, and now the very same spirit of inquisitiveness possessed her. She was certain that Caven had substituted one horse for the other, there could be no doubt about it. She remembered Gerry's remark that Dancer was a good horse, and Gerry's very unsatisfactory answer when Delilah asked why they didn't run him. Dancer had not even been shown to Andrews, not mentioned.

Caven and Gerry were in on the conspiracy of course also, most undoubtedly, Stewart, Stewart and Gerry playing a crooked game and not confiding in her! And it must have been Andrews who had colored the white arrow. And the old vilain had brought her there to the stall on purpose to see if she would know that it was not Sweep Up. His present question confirmed this as he heard

"Don't you think that he looks a different hawse, Mrs. Owen?"

Quick, subtle, suspecting a lead, Delilah answered: "The colt looks in much better form for racing. Mr. Andrews, I suppose his gallop has taken some of the flesh off."

"Oh huh!" the patriarch guttured, and mentally he thought: "She's a wonder—if she knows."

The patriarch found himself wishing that Delilah was out of it, he had an uneasy feeling a presentiment that something would happen with the unknown quantity of Delilah's knowledge or lack of it, just the destiny that was possible in a jealous woman's mind.

The race was only three days away, thank heaven, and after the race Andrews would yank Sweep Up out of his barn and never again!

It was as the patriarch moved back to town Andrews suggested that they might scratch Skipper Dance, adding that of course with this horse in the race the odds against Sweep Up would be greater.

"I don't want Skipper Dance scratched," Delilah declared with decision.

"Just 's you say, mamus," said 's you say."

This unhesitating determination faintly suggested that Delilah was not a party to the exchange.

Then Delilah took a turn at the mental probe from under the wide-brimmed hat her eyes covertly fixed on the ancient one's leather face.

"If Sweep Up sees this sudden improvement," she said, in a voice that suggested nothing but guessing, "and could I win we'd be all around if I scratched Skipper Dance. I'd see that \$3,000 stake."

The sudden improvement reached in the patriarch's mind, that sounded ominous, but his face was an expressionless as the image gauge that chronicled Miss Elizabeth's progress.

"Yes, by gum, missus, that is so that is so," he commented. "It was kinder that I thought that knowin' how fond you are of your hawses, you'd hate to see him get beat. Another thing, Mrs. Owen, I was calculate if Skipper Dance was scratched I'd put my boy, Kenly on Sweep Up."

"You can have him," Mr. Andrews. I've arranged to have Soren ride Skipper Dance. He rode the horse before and he's a good boy, I'd trust him implicitly."

The patriarch almost swore, Miss Elizabeth into a street car, he was startled out of his habitual equilibrium. This Delilah was certainly going some, she had taken the engagement of a jockey out of his hands. What the devil was up?

But Andrews commented: "That's fine Mrs. Owen, that's for I was bothered over gettin' two jocks. An' Soren won't ride for everybody, he's so good he can pick an' choose. That's mighty fine."

RIGHT up to race day nothing had happened to interrupt the smooth flow of this gentle stream of duplicity. There was nothing to indicate to Caven and Stewart that Andrews had the slightest suspicion he was being used. They didn't know that he had discovered the fading out of the permanganate of potassium on the white arrow, and had missed it in retaining its sea-brown.

And Delilah had arrived at no certainty as to the patriarch's complicity.

Andrews was still guessing as to how much Delilah knew, veering from one opinion to the other, and pursuing his habitual course, as he remarked: "I say nothin' an' saw nothin'."

The colt had shown no let up in his racing quality, and the old man, normally, Hank Armour, had taken care that one of the trusts or crooks had seen Sweep Up race off a fast trial for a few miles. I would be too dangerous, the colt would be so great, twenty or thirty to one with the horse was better. That they could afford to take his chance, they would have to let us little.

He knew that many a race had been left on the track by too great an anxiety, a horse a fast trial, as he really meant the horse in just a full harness race. Sweep Up, a two-year-old, was being a three-year-old, and he had been shown speed. And he had had plenty long work to thin the fat off his wind pipes.

Caven and his sister Gerry had come to see Sweep Up race, and Caven had arrived early, as he had intended to see a little more optimism than was his wont.



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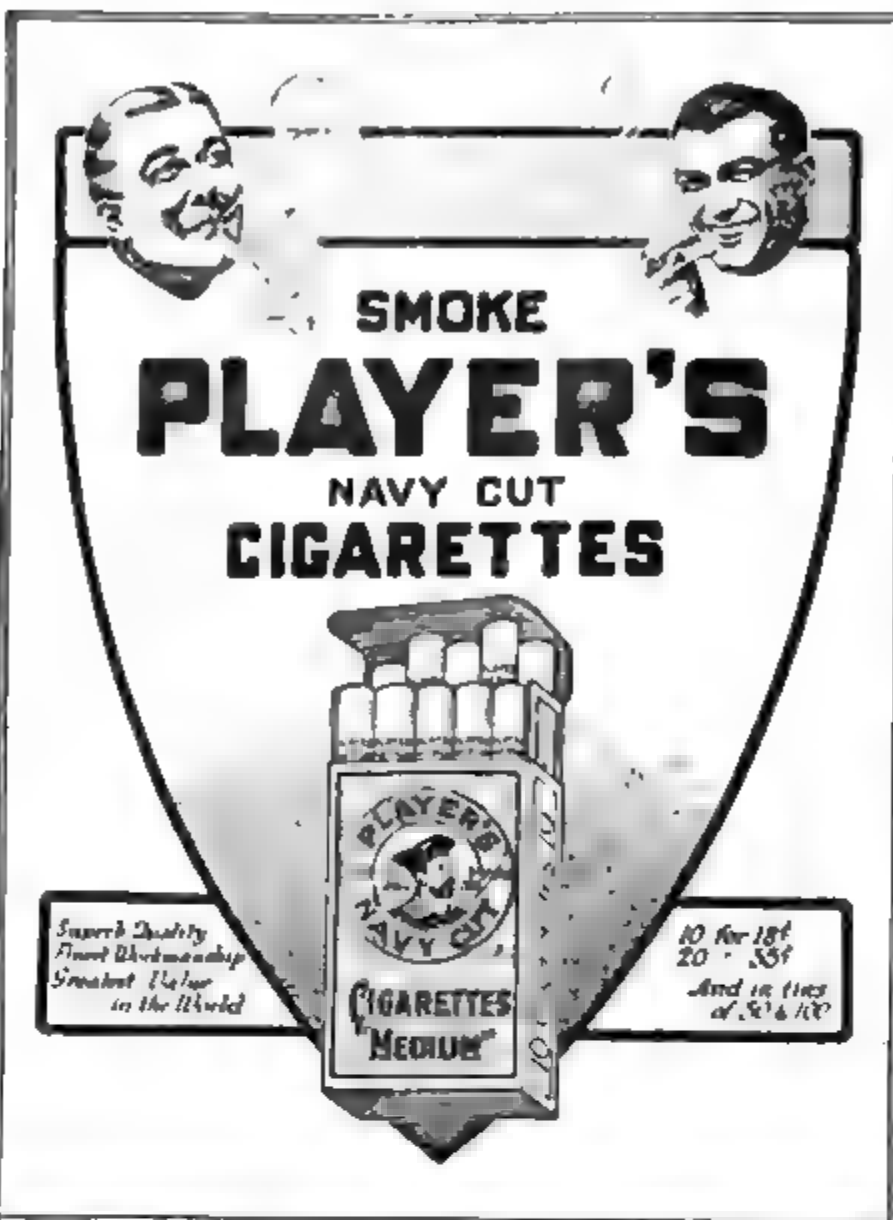


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## What Does Radical Labor Want?

Continued from page 12

...than the other party any man who... \$500 which... school trustee... date that labor...

...the labor in the... reasonable hours... work. Yet... who would have... In a re... Board of Trade in... reported... considered to be... a stalwart... with a big... children. The trade... not work more than... day, and not that I can... who will not save his money... to the city to be fed in... whether he is Brit... we do not want him. He is so...

The workers have another ideal from that of Sir Clifford and his group. It remains to be seen which will prevail. More than all the ordinary worker desires some measure of security. Unlike the farmer, he has no home of his own. He has no place to which to retire in his old age. He is absolutely dependent upon his job and the securing of a job has in these recent years become increasingly precarious. By unemployment insurance, or otherwise, we must arrange that any man who is willing to work shall be able to find work.

Some men only half consciously, sometimes grudgingly, the laborer longs for a greater chance for self-expression in his work than is possible under modern machine production. A few years ago, in visiting the partially-completed Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, I was in conversation with a mason who had belonged to a long line of masons, his craftmaster, had passed on from father to son, through generations. How much of the work is machine work. In any case it is done simply in order. The opportunity for artistic self-expression was absolutely gone.

They related to the desire for self-expression as the natural desire for a voice in the management of the work in which he is engaged. Free men were not destined to be dumb-driven cattle. Democracy in politics is today not so important as democracy in industry. Indeed the former is impossible without the latter. Real power has shifted from our formal governing bodies to our industrial, commercial and financial institutions. The laborer to-day bitterly complains that he is nothing but a wage slave.

This brings up the newer objective of labor. The failure to secure his immediate wants is driving an increasing number of labor men to adopt a socialistic view of society. If under the existing system men were able to secure sufficiently high wages to enable them to enjoy life and have some chance for participation in the industry, they might be satisfied, but since this has so far proved impossible they have come to believe that there must be an entire change in the economic and social order.

They point out that whether we like it or not, in an age of collective or social production the next step should be the possession in some way for collective or social ownership and democratic control of the means of production. This is of course a rather far-sighted view for the moment. Opinion differs widely as to how such an idea worked out. Probably the majority of labor people in this country look to some form of state socialism. Undoubtedly the great argument in Russia has more or less captured the imagination of the working classes the world over. That is not to say that the workers in this country desire to have conditions in Russia repeated here, but rather that in a large and dramatic way they have seen in Russia the attempt to establish a communal commonwealth.

The group which I represent has tried to take a practical view of the situation. They recognize that large-scale production has inevitably led to monopolies, that world-wide commerce has transcended national boundaries, that the concentration of finance has placed power in the hands of a comparatively small group. They believe that under these circumstances the business of the world has been largely carried on in the interest of the few rather

than in the service of the many. They hope that fundamental changes in this country may be brought about by education, propaganda rather than by a revolution. In the meantime they take advantage of every opportunity to better the condition of the workers. A starved peasant or a man driven to a starvation wage, or it may be driven to an industrial slum. An intelligent working class with a high standard of living and with industrial ability and power will not rest until such changes are brought about as will secure it the full results of its labor.

Several questions have been asked me since my coming East, one with regard to class consciousness and group government. The older parties originated because of class consciousness, the consciousness of the land proprietors and of the mercantile and manufacturing classes. The industrial workers are a new group. They have their own distinct viewpoints. In so far as they really believe in the bringing in of an entirely new social order, it becomes impossible for them to co-operate closely with those who stand essentially for the system as it is.

With regard to labor organizations, we are not likely driven into internationalism. Labor must also become international. There is, however, a danger that the so-called international organizations, that is, the American Federation of Labor, may have too great an influence over our Canadian policies. On the other hand, we must avoid a narrow Canadian nationalism.

In fact in some respects, our native-born Canadians find it extremely difficult to secure the wider viewpoint. They have largely the background of the farm and have developed an intense individualism. In this sense as a Canadian perhaps I may be permitted to say that the native-born Canadian is the greatest foe to the development of trade-unionism in this country.

To meet the present pressing needs, Mr. Woodsworth will advocate at Ottawa: 1. For Unemployment. The recognition of the responsibility of the State through federal provincial and municipal administrations to provide suitable work for all at such remuneration as will secure a decent standard of living. Failing the provision of such work, adequate maintenance. This policy to be worked out in a system of Unemployment Insurance, chargeable to industry.

2. Generous provision for Returned Soldiers and their dependants. The beneficiaries of the war should carry at least the financial burdens entailed by the war.

3. The maintenance of a high standard of living and working conditions, with adequate provision for public health and education.

4. Equal rights of citizenship, irrespective of sex, class, origin, religion or property qualification.

5. Restoration of our civil liberties. a. The repeal of all legislation restricting freedom of speech of the press of assembly or of association. b. Repeal of the Amendment to the Immigration Act, providing for the deportation without the right of trial by jury of persons not Canadian by birth or naturalization—including British subjects.

6. Regulating for the use of the people of the natural resources of this country which have been so recklessly alienated by incompetent or venal administrations.

7. Public ownership and democratic operation of public utilities, and as soon as practicable, of essential large-scale industries.

8. The nationalization of the banking system.

9. Abolition of fiscal legislation that leads to tax privilege. b. Removal of taxes on the necessities of life. c. Taxation of land values. d. After exemption of small incomes a steeply graded income and inheritance tax.

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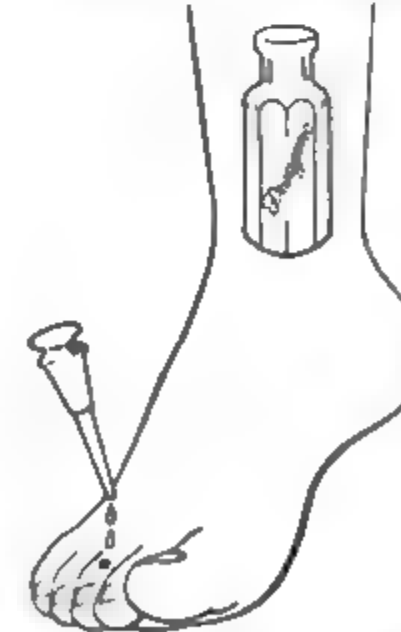
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## Jimmy and the Speed Test

Continued from page 14

"Have you one to spare?" He took the pastry between his finger and thumb and bit into it.

Jimmy held her breath and half-closed her eyes. "Sounded," he said. "This is the most wonderful pastry I've eaten for years."

"Would you like one, Mrs. Fennell?" asked Jimmy in a hoarse voice. Her heart was bumping. She could have wept at that moment.

"Really it is so extraordinary to see Frank eat that I can hardly take my eyes from him," laughed Mrs. Fennell.

"It is really delicious. Your friend must be very clever."

"Oh very," said Jimmy huskily. "Perhaps she will send me some more to-morrow."

"Aren't you eating any yourself?" asked Fennell.

"No," said Jimmy eagerly and fumbled for the other two. "Would you like them?"

Mrs. Fennell not only liked them but he ate them. He ate an apple which had refused the choicest productions of the O.K. Case Company, or the like, about the sponge cake and was eating with every evidence of relish the creature of her brain and hand.

"You can come to-morrow, can you?" asked Mrs. Fennell.

"I can come," said Jimmy speaking under stress of great emotion. "If you want me."

It was a lame conclusion. The conversation drifted away from cakes and Mrs. Fennell took the girl into her confidence.

"We've had a lot of bad luck, haven't we, Frank?"

"Just a little," he said.

"Do you know that a week ago I thought we were going to be quite wealthy, the girl went on. Frank is an inventor and he has invented one of the best typewriters that has ever been put on the market and just fancy, because some stupid get refused to work it, the manufacturers turned it down."

"I think she was right," said Fennell. "Apparently they got her to do a speed test by means of a trick and they rather over-reached themselves."

"They were going to give Frank a big sum of money on account of royalties, but now the agent tells me that a lot of orders which had been booked, have been cancelled."

Jane Ida Meagh did not waver. She sat up straight and stared at the girl who said: "What was the name of that machine?"

She asked faintly: "I called it 'The Platen,' because the 'he explained why it was called 'The Platen,' but Jimmy did not hear."

She had ruled them these lovely people of taste and refinement! This poor man stretched upon a bed of sickness, Jimmy's eyes filled with tears and she gazed at the extravagant picture of misery she drew. She had done it! She Jane Ida Meagh. From sheer cupidity and femininity Jimmy had let her in at any way, and now it seemed the most odious of weaknesses.

"You'll come to-morrow, and don't forget those cakes," said Mrs. Fennell.

Jimmy went on the next day and the biscuits she took were even more delicious than the last. But she had mercifully refrained from improving upon the recipe—which was Jimmy's super weakness.

THAT evening on her return to town she went into Mr. Salter's store and Mr. Salter, standing with his hands behind him in the middle of the floor space, greeted her with a grave but reserved nod.

"Good afternoon, Miss Meagh," he said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Salter," said Jimmy huskily. "How is the trade in 'Platens'?"

"Well, you smashed that for us, any way," said Mr. Salter lightly. "I don't mind that so much because I am thinking of taking over the Rat-a-plat agency for their improved portable machine."

"Don't do it," said Jimmy. "What are you charging for the 'Platen'?"

He named the price and she produced her cheque book.

"You're not going to buy a machine?" he said in amazement.

Continued on page 69



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## CANADIAN WOMAN IN "MILLION CLASS"

Marshall Saunders' "Beautiful Joe" Has Wonderful Record. She Writes to Buzz Saw Accompaniment of Her Sparrows

By NORMA PHILLIPS MUIR

TO HAVE written books that have been translated into many foreign languages, including Chinese and Bulgarian, as "Beautiful Joe" has been translated; to be one of the very few Canadian authors who are in "the million class," and to have been the subject of a poem—surely this were enough to turn most heads, but not that which is levelly poised on the shoulders of Marshall Saunders.

One night, not very long ago, I accepted Miss Saunders' invitation to come and see her in her own apartment home.

"I'm at the Aberdeen Club, you know," she informed me. "It was built by the City Housing Commission—cosy red brick apartments down in the hollow on Bain avenue, and they are charming—designed after the English style. I'm in number 14."

So I went to number 14, Aberdeen club, climbed one flight of stairs and found Miss Saunders. She led me into her sitting room, and that room, and the one adjoining it, which I glimpsed through the open door, were a veritable reader's sanctum, for books lined the walls, and titles of classics, volumes of poems, by authors old and new, essays, letters, from great men to their wives, or to other great men, books of animal life, of nature study, of travel, of biography, and many of fiction, tantalized with their promise, and lured one toward the comfortable chair drawn invitingly near to the softly shaded lamp.

For a while we discussed books. "Beautiful Joe" came into the conversation, and from the name of that immortal, crop-eared dog, it was but a short step to the realm of animal and bird life. I confessed to a hankering for a view of the study where Miss Saunders wrote the stories of bird and beast, and with a twinkle in her eye Miss Saunders graciously consented to take me up to her "garret study."

Beckoning me to come, she opened the door leading to the attic, and as my eye followed her directing finger I saw what appeared to be the tail of a common street sparrow.

"Wake up, Foxy, I've got company and I'm going to work," cried Miss Saunders, and immediately the tail switched out of sight, and there pivoted into view a dark little head, beneath which was the dark feathered "h" which denotes the male bird.

Foxy Sings Like A Saw

WITH Miss Saunders leading the way we went up stairs, passed by Foxy on his perch, and entered the study where

dictionaries, paper, reference books and a typewriter testified mutely to the serviceable character of the room.

Miss Saunders sat down at her machine and began to type. There was a soft flutter of wings, and Foxy lighted near by, and then the concert began. With a noise which, though it came from his throat, can be likened to nothing but the process of

Billy Sunday, Miss Saunders' dog, who had followed us upstairs and fallen asleep by the radiator, began to snore at this point.

"This room is really more like a menagerie than a study, during the day," laughed Marshall Saunders. "Billy Sunday snores by the radiator, Foxy flies about chirping, and my canary in her cage screams to her mate whom I take down stairs because he sings much better when he is away from her. You know, birds sing better when they are miserable... and do you know, Foxy has learned several of the canaries' notes! There is nothing the matter with the little street sparrow's vocal apparatus at all," she insisted as I laughed incredulously, "he's coming on fine, and he'll sing some day."

Going back downstairs again, we drew our chairs up to the fire and "talked shop."

Unlike many writers who begin with the simplest themes, and work into the more complicated, Miss Saunders, I learned, began with melodrama, and it is interesting to listen to the story of how she began to write.

"It was my father's dearest friend, the late Dr. Hand of McMaster University, Toronto, who induced me to choose writing as my life work," she said. "I was skeptical of my qualifications, but Dr. Hand persisted, and one day, oh so many years ago, when my parents were away from home, I decided to take the plunge."

Started With Melodrama

MISS Saunders went on to say that when she solemnly asked her younger sister Rida what she should write about, that waggish maiden flaunted Dr. Hand's suggestion that the subject be a charming bit of scenery, the track of a rabbit in the snow, or something equally natural and unobtrusive, and demanded that Marshall write something full of "blood and murder—lots of blood, people like that sort of thing."

So Marshall took her sister's advice, and for three weeks she labored over a story of burglary and violence, omitting only the blood from the original order.

"It was a story about Spain, a country of which I knew little, and of unhappy marriage of which I knew less," smiled Miss Saunders, thoroughly enjoying the reminiscence. "It was full of quotations and I called it 'A Gag of Blessed Memory.' I sent it to the *Pronk Leslie Magazine*, (now known as the *American Magazine*), and to the amazement and delight of Rida and myself a cheque came flying back—a cheque for forty dollars!"

"Rida and I had jubilant calculation,"



Miss Marshall Saunders and Billy Sunday

sharpening a saw, Foxy sang an accompaniment to the rattle of the typewriter keys, and Miss Saunders explained that this was quite according to custom. Foxy is in love with the clash of the keys, and no matter at what hour his mistress decides to work, Foxy is on the job, to cheer her with his buzz saw melody.

"The children about here all know me," said Miss Saunders, "and they know that I love animals, so if a dog or cat or horse or bird is hurt, they ring my bell and beg my assistance. In the Spring, they find many tiny birds which have fallen out of their nests, and they bring them to me to care for. That is how I got Foxy—but Foxy won't go away. He goes into his big cage to eat and drink, but sleeps on that perch in the hall, and lives a happy life here."

limited the author of "Bonnie Prince Petlar," "forty dollars for three weeks' work—forty dollars every three weeks for a rest of my life!—And then at last y attention fell on the animals at my feet, and I wrote 'Beautiful Joe'."

Miss Saunders was born in Nova Scotia, daughter of the Rev. Dr. E. M. Saunders, herself a writer, and early in her literary career she felt the need for travel, and with her sister visited many of the far-away lands across the sea. In addition to her books she has written many short stories and articles, and for some time was a regular contributor to the columns of the *Halifax Herald*.

Joe Was A Real Dog

BEAUTIFUL JOE which has sold more than a million copies, is the story of an ill-treated dog, the original of which was born Meaford, Ontario, and which actually had its tail shortened and its ears cropped by a cruel owner. It is interesting to know that a new edition of "Beautiful Joe" is in process of preparation, and that more than twenty thousand words have been ruck out of the original edition.

"I am a systematic person, or try to be,"

said Miss Saunders. "I like to write in the mornings, take the afternoon for recreation, and use the evenings for studying, correcting copy, etc. I don't write much in the summer, but travel, and collect color and material, and write during the Autumn, Winter and Spring."

"Beautiful Joe" came out in 1894, but I had been writing on and off before that. I had had one novel printed in England, called 'My Spanish Sailor,' continued Miss Saunders. When asked which was her favorite character she debated a moment before answering. "I think that perhaps I like Tilda Jane best," she said slowly, "although of course I love Joe."

Miss Saunders is settled in Toronto now, and her latest books, "Golden Dicky," and "Bonnie Prince Petlar," stories of a bird and of a Shetland pony, are not proving any less popular than the lucrative Joe.

And more beautiful than Joe, he of the mutilated body and marvellous soul—is the little dog Billy Sunday seen in the picture with Miss Saunders,—whose great love for animals is not confined to the pages of her books, but overflows into her every-day life, as witnessed by her silver-noted canaries, Billy Sunday, and Foxy, the saw-sharpening songster.

## PUTS REAL ART INTO HER WORK

Miss Bee Roberts Created Her Own Opportunity and Now She Has a Flourishing Handicraft Business

By GERTRUDE E. S. PRINGLE

WHEN Miss Bee Roberts in 1916 went to visit a sister in New York she had not the slightest idea that she would there obtain an inspiration that would lead to her financial independence, and put her at the head of an enviable business of her own.

Two friends showed her an advertise-

ment. It was therefore not born full-fledged with a studio, a stock of materials and skilful advertising to announce its arrival in the world of business, but was commenced in a small way in her own home with the making of toy soldiers.

Now Miss Roberts has fine, roomy quarters in a fashionable Toronto thorough-



A corner of Miss Roberts' artistic studio.

sent in one of the daily papers calling for toys. The War, it will be remembered, had cut off the world's supply from Germany and a toy famine seemed imminent. Laughingly the friends declared they could design some toys and send them in, so, with much amusement over the thing, they sketched soldiers on wood, cut them out, painted them and set them up on little stands. When finished the toy soldiers were pleasing to behold, for the makers in fun-loving rivalry had tried to excel each other. But after sending them, a what was their surprise to get a letter from the advertiser saying he would take three thousand of them. The two friends had no intention of carrying the joke further, so they dropped out of the transaction. However the incident furnished Miss Roberts an inspiration.

"I'm going to try that myself," she told her friends. On returning home she began her handicraft work without capital, not borrowing

fare, four assistants—of whom a sister and two nieces are her partners—and the products of her studio are sent to New York, Hamilton, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria, as well as disposed of locally.

Not Solely Financial Gain

IN TALKING with Miss Roberts one is impressed with a certain indifference on her part to the financial aspect of her work. Very evidently her heart is in her craft and she enjoys it for its own sake. "I love my work. We all do. When busy painting or planning I lose all track of time."

That is how Miss Roberts sums up her business. She does not take any interest in figures. I verily believe they bore her, and she is glad she can now afford to have someone look after that end for her. She had almost to be coaxed to admit that her goods sold from the Pacific to the

FREE 2 Gifts for Baby  
Simply Mail the Coupon

## What I learned about babies

New principles now applied to overcoming  
baby rash and skin irritations

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

SCIENCE has lately made astonishing advancements in infant hygiene.

Recent investigations show that three babies in five suffer with diaper rash, urine scald or other form of skin irritation.

Hence, when baby is cross and trying, modern baby specialists are now directing mothers to look first for one of those conditions, rather than for a more serious disorder.

The purpose of the following is to explain, in simple terms, the cause of irritations and to offer mothers, free and postpaid, liberal test packages of a new and radically different way to overcome them.

### The Cause of Irritation

The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine, but more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender, susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Urine scald is sheer torture—yet it is common among babies.

Hence, as your doctor will tell you, the problem is to combat these acids—to make them harmless to the skin. Old methods failed to do this. They aimed merely to dry the moisture—failed to combat the acids.

### Now We Combat It

After extensive research work in our laboratories, new principles were discovered—principles based upon the experiences, in daily practice, of 112 baby doctors, dermatologists and specialists in infant hygiene. Results are quick—and amazing.

These principles are now embodied in an important new requisite for the nursery—B & B Baby Talc. It strikes at the cause of irritation—overcomes the irritant acids of perspiration and urine. Highest authorities approve it. All mothers, they urge, should employ it. Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is gently healing—a scientific preventive of rash and irritation.

It establishes a new era in infant hygiene—an era of babies who laugh more often than they cry.

### A Soap Too!

A mother's zeal in keeping her baby sweet and clean frequently finds expression in an unfortunate choice of soap. B & B Baby Soap is made of edible fats. It lathers freely, dries slowly and rinses off readily. It con-



tains a slight percentage of zinc oxide, hence is mildly healing. Bland and soothing, it provides a safe soap for your baby.

### Mail Coupon for Free Samples

We want all mothers to try this new way of making babies happy. So we invite them to mail the coupon for liberal trial packages of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap, free and postpaid. Simply mail the coupon, that is all.

**BAUER & BLACK, Limited**  
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**B&B Baby Talc**  
**B&B Baby Soap**

### MAIL THIS

BAUER & BLACK, Limited  
95 Spadina Avenue, Toronto  
Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these will be either in packages or my part.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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—For sale under the Blue Label  
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straw hats  
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*Made in Sweden  
in attractive containers*

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**FRENCH ORGANDIE**

*Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery*

*In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match*



**FRENCH ORGANDIE**  
"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"  
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

Atlantic, and when she explained conscientiously, "Not huge shipments, you know, but monthly parcels," to match bedroom colors; flower pots are enamelled in art shades suggesting the

While she has not kept track, or possibly accentuation of a color scheme in a room; likely does not remember the financial re-score cards and bridge prizes make a strong suits, Miss Roberts expresses herself appeal, while decorated knitting needles well satisfied with the progress of her work, catch the eye with their novelty. For the last two years she has drawn a One most attractive section of the studio salary and been able to put money into given over to a display of painted the business. Last year she took a trippicharm lampshades done in beautiful to Buffalo to see the handicraft sold there, rich colorings by Miss Roberts' sister and but says she found nothing better. Attesting the artistic gifts of this family, strongly suspect she saw nothing quite so One of the quaint fancies that has conquered the continent is an enamelled lead original as her work.

That it pays to advertise is an accepted dictum, yet Miss Roberts has never all-but-verified. Others have advertised for her—people came through hearing about typen and rubber, painted to match in pink things. One person brought another, or blue, while a blotter with a cat face in she explained. Back from New York her first step was small child to write.

Back from New York her first step was all child to write. "I would have a  
to order some ordinary white wood. No little girl would throw her dress on  
Having dabbled, she says, in wood carving, the floor when she possessed a pale blue  
she knew how to use tools. On the wood-changer ornamented with garlands of flow-  
she sketched various soldiers, Highlanders, while a small boy would enjoy wash-  
Soots Guardsman, Frenchman, Serbian on his face when he had his own basin  
and a jolly Jack Tar. These were five-and-a-half of white enamel with Mother Goose  
inches high and painted in oils. When a character painted on them. What mother  
few dozen were completed she took them to avoid not welcome the whitest and daint-  
a downtown store to see if she could sell of oilcloth bibs, decked with nursery  
to. To her delight the proprietor eager-hymn characters, or an oilcloth protector  
luc.

## Jimmy and the Speed Test

Continued from page 53

toy soldiers, vigorously drawn and delight-fully painted, were ahead of any others on the market, but the trouble was that Miss and the other by accepting it as a gift. Roberts had not asked enough money for—both of which methods are objection- to compensate her for the time in-ble to me.”

involved in making them. That sometimes “But you’re—” happens with those whose minds are more “Get that flat-footed boy of yours to set on the artistic side than the financial—arry this to my cab, will you? I’m not returns. So Miss Roberts decided to give strong as I was twenty years ago.”

up making toy soldiers; she would instead Jimmy’s age was twenty-four. The construct toys and other things for childlat-footed boy who was now a scowling ren. But she has a kindly feeling for flat-footed boy, carried the instrument to soldier men and always keeps a set of thebe waiting taxi and Jimmy placed it on in her studio, not to sell, but to remind her table that night with determination of the small beginnings of her now flour the set of her jaw.

ishing enterprise.

**Furniture for Tots**

Mr. Henry B. Obbings sat in a gaily decorated booth surrounded by a large crowd of admiring stenographers and decorators to child wants—and Miss Robertson, what time a smooth and must surely be a lover of children to bilky-voiced lecturer dilated upon the able to guess so wonderfully what the staggering qualities of the Rat-a-plan. need, for she seems to have thought "On-for-tun-ate-ly," he said, "we every conceivable thing to delight them—ave-not-the-op-er-tun-ity-of-test-ing the she turned her attention to furniture ful-a-tive speed of the Rat-a-plan with kindergarten tots. She made charming of its com-pet-i-tors."

He spoke as though each syllable was pictures illustrating some familiar nursery story, such as Little Red-Riding Hood or the Three Little Kittens who Lost The Mittens, while the chairs, as can be seen in the accompanying photograph were decorated to match in a most original way. When little ones are kept indoors, wh-

Our challenge extended to the whole of the civilised world, has not been accepted by any of our rivals, for reasons which I think need no explanation. To-night, we had hoped there would be a competition between the Inter-Traders Diploma and Medal

When little ones are kept indoors, amusement they find in a white enamel nursery shelf on which is painted a procession of circus animals, or a bewitching white desk with Mother Goose characters on it.

For little girls there is a wonderful doll-house with a verandah all around it, an attic, bathroom with full equipment and even a "curator" in readiness to host the refreshments for afternoon tea.


Mother Goose characters appear in the studio in many forms. Some old favorites Bo Peep, Jack Horner and Tommy Tuck fourteen inches high, cut out of wood and painted, are designed to adorn the walls of the nursery.



**For the Grown-Ups Too**

**B**UT toys alone could not be depended on to make the venture pay, for though there is always a certain demand for them the industry is a seasonal one with a big rush but once a year. It means working ten months piling up toys for the Christmas season. So Miss Roberts put her brains to work to evolve useful things for grown-ups as well as children. The result is the bewildering variety of things you view in her studio, all touched with the grace of originality, and showing the superior craftsmanship that is the result of the maker's strong artistic perception.

For the candy-loving family there are round boxes enamelled in colors or painted in designs. Scrap baskets are to be found in every tint; glove darners are transformed by having a black-browed beauty on one end; talcum powder tins are decorated



"Snapped" by the camera. A butterfly, taken by Hon. George F. R. Jones.

that would amuse baby while covering  
his portion of the tablecloth?

It was one year after starting before Miss Roberts felt she could branch out into a studio of her own in which to exhibit and sell her wares. The year though had been well spent, for she had been learning her work and gradually finding a market. At first she fashioned all the furniture herself after her own original ideas, but now she has the heavier pieces, such as bureaus, tables, chairs and saws, made to her design, and she does the decorating. Otherwise she would never have time to fill all her orders.

Napoleon once said angrily to a timid adviser, "What, wait for an opportunity? I make opportunity."

together with the money prize offered by my company, but you are deprived of that interesting demonstration. As you will see we are the only entrants in the competition."

He pointed to a large bulletin board where the name of "Henry B. Obbings, Rat-a-plan Typewriter" was visible. "And—" he paused.

It was at that moment that the secretary of the exhibition pinned beneath the notice.

"J. I. Meagh, the Platen."

THE contest will remain in the minds of all interested in the delicate art of stenography. The two competitors sat, not at either end of the building, but at the same bench, each with the matter to be copied neatly stacked on their left and a pile of virgin white paper as neatly stacked on their right and at the word "Go!" both struck simultaneously at the keys.

The test was for half-an-hour's continuous work and in that thirty minutes Jimmy wrote 4630 words without a mistake, beating the baffled Henry Obbings by exactly twelve hundred words.

Incidentally, she established the name of the Platen typewriter, so that to-day there is scarcely an office in the city where the peculiar "tick-tick" of its keys cannot be heard.

# How to Make Good Tea



Scald out a crockery tea pot and while it is warm put in one teaspoonful of Salada for every two cups. Pour on freshly boiled water, and let it remain not less than five nor more than seven minutes—the result will be the most delicious tea you ever tasted.

*There is only one right way  
—and the best tea to use is*

# "SALADA"

**"The Delicious Tea"**

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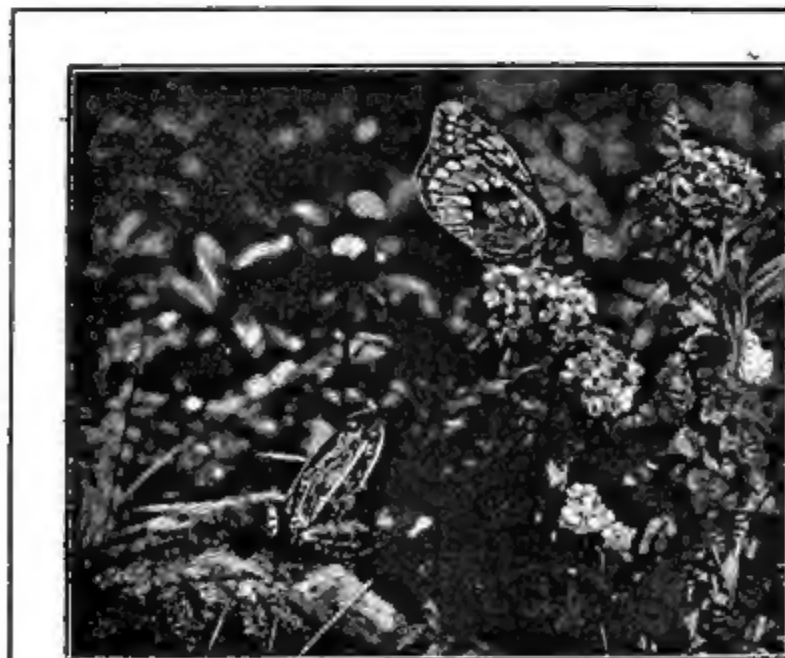
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Park, in heart of lovely Highlands. Wonderful  
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St. Paul for literature.



"Snapped" by the camera. A wonderful photo of a frog and a butterfly, taken by Hon. George Shiers, Sr., whose wonderful article in Feb. is attracted so much comment.



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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**Flapper's Wisdom**—"I've got a fellow who owns a swell car. Do you love anyone who owns a car?"  
"Anyone."—*Sun Dodger.*

**Or Changing Attire**—"Does your fiancée know much about automobiles?"  
"Heavens, no. She asked me if I cooled my car by stripping the gears."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

**Anything to Oblige**—Old Lady to newsboy—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"  
Newsie—"No, mum, but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one."—*Flamingo.*

**No Need of Worry**—Insulted Maid—"Oh, sir, catch that man! He tried to kiss me."

**Genial Passer-by**—"That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

**She Must Have Shimmied**—Harold Fly—"So poor old Bill kicked the bucket. Fell off a girl at a dance and killed himself."

**Benny Fly**—"Um-hm-m. I always told him that bare-back riding would be the end of him."—*U. of T. Goblin.*

**No Rude Hallo Here**—In Japan, when the subscriber rings up, the operator may be expected to ask, "What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hobik two-three."

Silence. Then the exchange resumes.

"Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently-censured line is busy?"—*Far Seas.*

**A Quick-Thinking Race**—A Jew and a Scotsman, visiting Chester Cathedral, suddenly discovered that a service had commenced and they were left with no alternative but to take their seats amongst the congregation. With visions of the collection plate before their eyes, they racked their brains for some excuse to make an unostentatious escape. At last, when hope had almost deserted them and the plate was passing along the adjoining pew, the Jew, conceiving a brilliant inspiration, threw up his arms and fainted. The Scotsman, with a sigh of relief, promptly carried him out.—*London Gossip.*

**Wrong Again**—"Do you know what day this is, John, dear?" she asked sweetly at the breakfast table.

Unpleasant recollections of previous memory lapses flashed through John's mind. He would not be caught this time. "Why, of course, my love! How could I possibly forget that this is our wedding anniversary?" he said, with gentle reproach.

"No, it isn't. That is three months ahead," she responded coldly. "This is the day on which you promised to beat the afternoon off from the office and take the rugs."—*Vancouver Province.*

**Breaking It Gently**—This anecdote illustrates a point in statecraft which need not be raised here.

"Ma," requested a small boy, "kin I have a pencil? I wanna write a letter."

"You won't need a pencil, dear," she replied. "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with right on the table."

The boy hesitated a minute.

"Ma," he began again, "don't you think the Mail is a good paper?"

"Why, of course I do," she answered in astonishment, "but what—"

"Well, you see," the lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."—*American Legion Weekly.*



## The Easter Breakfast—Premium Bacon and Eggs

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